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HOME MAGAZINE



No. 3.

T. S. ARTHUR & SONS
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Vol. XLIX.

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[Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Fashionable Styles of Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—Costumes displaying no back- left side only two or three, thus producing an irregularly wrinkled effect. The skirt model is suitable for any material made up into such garments, and is No. 7389, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents.

The basque is fitted by one dart at each side, side-back goes and a center-seam, and is a modification of the coat or habit basque. The front is single-breasted, short, and notched at the bottom of the closing; while the back forms a sloping coat-tail with a lap at the center. The hood has a seam down the center of the under side, and has the edges of its upper half cut away to permit the addition of revers. The latter are faced with plaid silk, and the hood is lined with the same; the plaid, the cord laced over the center of the point, the tassel at the point of the hood and the machine-stitching being the only gleams of color about the whole costume, which is made of cloth suiting of a rich olive shade. The pattern is No. 7388, price 25 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

drapery are still fashionable and are chosen by many ladies in preference to those with full-draped skirts. The present engraving illustrates one of the latest of these styles developed in cloth and completed with machine-stitching, a sash of plain silk and a hood-lining of plaid. The skirt has a front-gore with a gore at each side, together with three straight back-breadths. The gores are fitted to the belt by darts, and the three breadths are laid in two large, double box-plaits—one at each side of the center. A deep hem is about the bottom, though if the quantity of material be limited, a facing may be used instead; and several rows of machine-stitching are made at the top of the hem, to hold it in place and form the ornamentation of the skirt. The *tablier* or front-drapery forms a deep point near the center, and is cut bias. The lower edges are widely hemmed, and are finished with a number of rows of machine-stitching. The right side of the *tablier* has four upward-turning plaits, and the



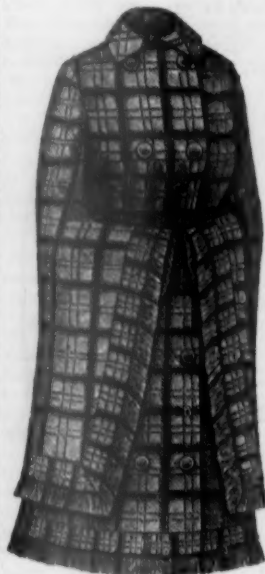
FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

**7387***Front View.***7381***Front View.***7381***Back View.***7387***Back View.***GIRLS' DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET.**

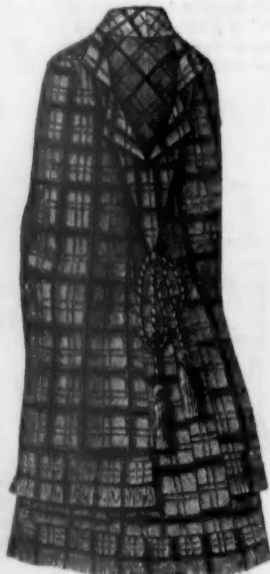
No. 7381.—Navy-blue flannel is the material selected for this jacket, and ivory-white braid forms the trimming. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and calls for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, in making the jacket for a girl of 7 years. Price of any size, 20 cents.

MISSES' HAVELOCK CLOAK.

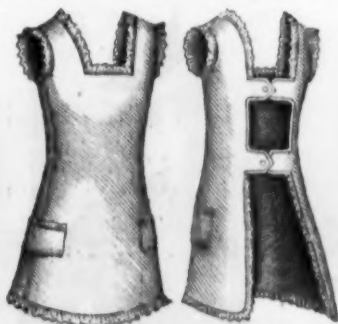
No. 7387.—This stylish cloak may be made of any of the cloths in fashionable use, those with a "fuzzy" surface being preferred. The model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the cloak for a miss of 11 years, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide. If goods 48 inches wide be selected, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will then be sufficient for the purpose. Price of any size, 25 cents.

**7386***Front View.***7395****LADIES' CHEMISE.**

No. 7395.—Fine white cambric was used in the construction of this dainty chemise. The model is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the chemise of muslin, linen or other material for a lady of medium size, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**7386***Back View.***LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 7386.—This wrap may be handsomely made from any material adapted to the season. It is as comfortable for the promenade as a short coat would be, yet is also suitable for carriage wear. Plaid homespun is the material selected for its illustration. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In its construction for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of any preferred material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide will be needed. Price of any size, 30 cents.

**7396***Front View.***7396****7396****GIRLS' APRON.**

No. 7396.—A dainty model for fancy aprons of lawn, organdy, Swiss and similar white fabrics, is portrayed in these engravings. The model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the apron for a girl of 7 years, will require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.

*** 7380***Back View.***MISSSES' SPANISH WRAPPER, GORED TO THE SHOULDER.**

No. 7380.—The pattern to this comfortable wrapper is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and calls for $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of any material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, in making the garment as pictured in the engravings for a miss of 12 years. Delaine is the material represented, and plaid bands form the trimming. Any material in vogue makes up handsomely in this manner. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**7383***Front View.***7379****LADIES' OPEN DRAWERS.**

No. 7379.—These drawers are very comfortably modelled, and may be made of any material generally employed for garments of the kind. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. The drawers, for a lady of medium size, require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

**7383***Back View.***LADIES' NIGHT-DRESS.**

No. 7383.—This prettily shaped night-dress may be made of linen, cambric, muslin or any material in use for such garments, and trimmed with Smyrna, Torchon, Valenciennes or Irish laces, or with needle-work that is hand or machine made. To make the night-dress as here represented for a lady of medium size, will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of any preferred variety of material 36 inches wide. The model is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of any size, 30 cents.



7384

Front View.

GIRLS'

No. 7384.—The costume may be made up in any desired, and trimmed in engravings delineate its stylish and graceful, as Cashmere of a rich garnet in the present instance, tassel and the cuff-facings, simulate a lacing between. The model is in 7 sizes of age. To make the costume will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, 48 inches wide. Price



7384

Back View.

COSTUME.

Costume here represented combination of fabrics any tasteful manner. The shape, which is both well as easy to attain, shade is the material used with brocade for the brocords with tasselled ends the ends of the bretelles, for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, of 5 years, of any preferred variety or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material of any size, 20 cents.



7385

Front View.

FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—The costume illustrated combines a jacket, skirt and waist. The skirt and waist are made of a pretty suiting, and the skirt is stylishly trimmed with a deep kilt-plaiting above a narrow, contrasting plaiting. The jacket is made of velvet, and is a very jaunty mode. The jacket pattern is No. 7381, which is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents. The waist was cut by pattern No. 7248, which is in the same number of sizes as the jacket, and costs 10 cents. The skirt was cut by model No. 7154, which is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. To make the costume for a girl of 6 years, requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide; the jacket calling for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, the waist for $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard, and the skirt for $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.



7385

Back View.

MISS' STREET JACKET.

No. 7385.—The engravings illustrate a very stylish garment for street wear. It may be made of cloth, velvet, silk or any heavy suiting. It is in double-breasted, loose sack shape in front, and has a slightly shaped back, over which falls a long, pointed hood. The latter is lined with satin, and has an ornamentation of cord with a tassel at the tip. The jacket is made of a handsome quality of basket cloth, and is completed in a decidedly neat and stylish manner. The model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 11 years, will require 4 yards of any desirable variety of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 20 cents.

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SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "TAMING OF THE SHREW."—PAGE 124.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

XLIX.

MARCH, 1881.

No. 3.



MARCH.

SLAYER of winter, art thou here again?
Oh, welcome thou that bring'st the summer night!
The bluer wind makes not thy victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry
Make April ready for the thrush's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!

Yea, welcome, March! and though I die ere June,
Yet for the hope of life I give the praise,
Striving to swell the burden of the tune
That even now I hear thy brown birds raise,
Unmindful of the past or coming days;
Who sing, "Oh, joy! a new year has begun!
What happiness to look upon the sun!"

Oh, what begetteth all this storm of bliss,
But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,
Even from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
Bids us "Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die,
Within a little time must ye go by,
Stretch forth your open hands, and while ye live,
Take all the gifts that Death and Life can give."

W. MORRIS.



THE WOMAN IN THE WHITE DRESS

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W. MORRIS.

WHERE LIES THE BLAME?

"MARY, do you remember pretty little Sara Farnsworth who belonged in our class in the old academy at Eaton?" asked brother Frank, as he came into my cozy parlor one bright June day, and settled himself in the easy chair with the air of one assured of his welcome.

Remember little Sara? Yes, indeed I remembered her both as school-mate and as a shy, sweet bride, leaning so proudly on the arm of the manly one her heart had crowned dearest and best. She it was who always stood first in her class at school, bearing off the prizes so quietly we "lesser lights" did not seem to think it could be otherwise, and felt only joy for her. Her mother was our village milliner, long a widow, with only Sara to comfort and cheer her. Though petted and indulged, as an only child is apt to be, she was in nowise spoiled by it; but grew to womanhood all that a mother's heart could wish. When, from the many who sought to gain her favor, she chose our good old minister's son, bright, honest Stanley Clifford, we felt she could not have done better, and fondly thought never a fairer future waited for any one than for her. Half-gayly, half-sadly we crowned her with bridal roses, and listened while the words were spoken which gave her to another. For one little moment she was folded in her mother's arms, then came the tearful good-byes, and she had started for her distant city home. For a little while, I heard often from her. She wrote much of the happy home-nest she was building, and of the manly qualities of her husband, but time bore me, too, far away from the little village. I lost all trace of her, though thoughts of her always mingled with my thoughts of girlhood and school-days. It was with eager interest I answered Frank's query and waited for the news he had to give.

"I met her last week," he said. "She has come home with four helpless little girls to her mother."

"Come home to her mother!" I echoed. "Surely her husband is not dead?"

"No; not dead," was his reply, "but far worse than dead. He is a confirmed drunkard, and cares no longer for her he vowed to love and cherish, nor for the little ones given to them."

"Why, Frank! How can it be? He was so manly and upright, so true in every way when they were married. I can scarcely believe him so sadly changed. Did you talk with Sara? Did she tell you of this? How can she bear it? Poor, poor Sara!" and the tears filled my eyes as I thought of all it must mean to her.

"Yes," answered Frank, "I talked with her, but she did not tell me of this. You know I went down to the city last week? While there, I met John West—you remember him. We were talk-

ing of old times and old friends, and he told me of Stanley's fall from manliness, and that it was rumored that Sara was much neglected and even abused by him; so changed was he by the debasing influence of the demon drink. Of course the change did not come all at once, but was brought about by slow degrees. For a year or two after he went to the city, he shunned even the appearance of evil, and his temperance principles were so pronounced as to be almost fanatical. But, as his business increased, he grew more and more popular with the, so-called, solid families around him, and was invited to their parties and grand dinners, where 'the rosy wine' and 'sparkling glasses' all too frequently made one of the table's chief attractions.

"Little by little his tastes and ideas were lowered. He saw others drink with no apparent harm, and were they not as good as he? Should he set himself above them and, while their guest, seem to criticise them by holding himself aloof from that in which they saw no harm? Should he be called a 'milkop' and afraid to trust himself? So the wily tempter whispered in his ear and, in a weak moment, he yielded and took the first drink. Only a little, of course, and that of the choicest of wines, but it was the beginning and, after that, it was easier to yield again. As the months went by, wine ceased to satisfy his thirst, and he was no longer particular as to where he got it. Dryden tells us,

'Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks run rivers, rivers swell to seas,'

and so he found it. When he at last awoke to the danger of his course, it was only to find the current of his life setting deep and strong in the downward way; only to find that those whose praise and commendation he sought to win, turned from him with cold scorn. They had, by influence and example, tempted him from the right, and now, when his feet were 'slipping over the brink,' and he felt powerless to save himself, they coolly 'washed their hands' of him and let him go."

"O Frank!" I interrupted, "what a bitter shame! How cruel and wrong in them from first to last! Why do they put wine upon their tables in this way? Surely they cannot be Christians who do it? Poor Stanley! poor Sara! Theirs was such a pure, happy life, such a beautiful home! Is there not something we can do to help build it all up again?"

"I fear not, sister, for he has sunk very low now, and there seems little hope for any change for the better. You may well cry out against the custom of polite drinking, and question the Christ-likeness of those who make it popular. It is the rock of stumbling to so many of our brightest and best young men, and, until it is utterly abolished,

there will be many such sad stories as this of Stanley's.

"John said Sara bore it with all a true wife's patience and heroism, and tried as best she might to hide the cruel wrong and shame. She followed him from one poor home to another, always hoping and working for his reformation. In vain were all her efforts, her prayers and her tears. His business was neglected, and, finally, wholly given up, and she was obliged to work in every way to keep her children from actual hunger and nakedness. She bore uncomplainingly his abuse of her, but how could she bear it for those innocent little girls? For nearly a year he has done nothing for their support, and their very lives have been in danger from him. Friends long ago urged her to take them and go back to her girlhood's home, but she would not listen to them until now, when hope for her husband seems utterly dead, and she dared not let them stay longer with him. So, for their sake, she has gone back sorrowing and desolate. What the future may bring her only God can know. Your heart would ache to see her so changed from the happy bride of ten short years ago. I did not know her when she came aboard the train, but even then I noticed her look of suffering and extreme poverty. The little girls, even, seem prematurely old and sad, and one could easily see their birthright of joyous, happy childhood had been denied them. My seat in the car was directly opposite hers, and I could not but notice her eager gaze bent on me.

"As we neared Eaton she spoke my name, and asked if I would assist her in getting off. Then she told me who she was, and that she was going to her mother's. When the train stopped, I called a cab and went with her to the door. There I left her. I hope you will get time to go down and see her, Mary. She needs friends, and you can comfort her if any one can."

Just then the door-bell rang, and a caller coming in, there was no more time to talk with Frank.

That was in June. In October, Stanley Clifford, the once prosperous merchant, slept in a drunkard's grave. Sara stayed but one short week with her mother, then, leaving her children in that safe haven, she went back to the city in search of the husband she could not desert in his hour of need. Though rum had effaced nearly all trace of manliness in him, and so little semblance was left to the one she had wedded, yet her promise was "for better or for worse," and could not be broken. She could feel but little respect for him as he then was, but her heart was filled with pity. The wife's proud love and confidence seemed merged into a mother's brooding tenderness for a wayward child, and she must do what she could for him. He seemed to appreciate her return, and for a little time he struggled manfully to forsake the old ways, but he was terribly weakened, and the force

of habit was too strong. The appetite, once so easily held in check, was a mighty dragon now, and bore him down with relentless force. At last he fell, fatally wounded, in a drunken brawl. Then, indeed, he had need of his faithful wife's tenderest care, and she, forgetting all that lay between, remembering only that he was her husband and the father of her children, devoted herself to him with untiring zeal.

He lived for one short week, and died in her arms, praying for forgiveness, and pledging himself as never before to a new and better life—died in the full realization of all she had done for him, of all her love for him, believing in God's love, and daring to hope for His forgiveness and help because of her love and faithfulness.

When all was over, she came to her children with a new light and peace in her face, in her heart also; and we who would have kept her from going to him, knew then it was well for her and for him that she had been faithful to her vows even unto the end.

Where lies the blame for the pain and anguish she has known—for the bitter humiliation—for the ruined life, the desolated home? Her husband, you say, should not have yielded so weakly to temptation. Undoubtedly he ought not to have done so; but he did yield. Are they who placed the temptation before him, clothing it in such alluring guise, are they blameless? Stanley Clifford is not the only one who has gone down before such temptations, who would have been safe but for the seeming *respectability* of the wine-cup. He would not have sought it in grogshop or saloon, there the disgrace and danger was evident; but finding it upon the tables of men of acknowledged social standing and respectability, where the sin was gilded and overlaid by all the arts and graces of a generous hospitality, is it to be wondered that he fell? Again I ask, where lies the blame? Is it right to put wine upon our tables in this way? Is it not like playing with coals, sure to blacken and burn at last?

A broken life! A ruined home! And not one, but many. Every year, every day, such pitiful wrecks are cast upon the shore of time. Strong young men, who should have been our pride and glory, become our shame, and the hearts of mothers, wives and children, of fathers and brothers, are wrung with anguish. Who can say how much of it all may not be traced directly back to the festive board? Think of it, ye leaders of society, remembering "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you." Deal kindly and lovingly with your brother man in whatever circumstances you find him, whether high or low, rich or poor, even as you will wish the Father to deal with you in that day when the secrets of all lives are known. If any must fall, let not the sin be at your door or upon your conscience. EARNEST.

PEN'S GIFT.

"PEN, my lad, will you take a message for me to the market, before it closes?"

"It's rather a long way," responded Pen, looking doubtfully at his crutch.

"Well, you can take your own time coming back, so as you get there afore six. I'll give you twopence, and that's more than you'll make hanging about here; and you can leave your matches on my stall."

It was quite true. Pen thought of the many wintry afternoons he had hung about, without taking even one penny; so he handed over his stock of merchandise to the care of the apple-woman, and received a short homily to be delivered to a certain greengrocer at a corner of the market; and then buttoning up his venerable jacket with the care and caution that its antiquity demanded, he set out on his expedition.

It was a long way—over two miles—and entirely new ground to Pen, whose travels had been necessarily limited. It was nearly six when he reached the place; and, having sought out the greengrocer, and delivered his message, he sat down on a box in the doorway for a rest, and looked round the big, bare building.

Down one long avenue fitches of bacon and feathered fowls hung in melancholy rows in the fading March twilight; down another, wet, shining fish lay in shoals, on slabs of dingy slate; others were given up to stores of oranges and potatoes; close by where he sat was a vast pile of vegetable refuse, ready for the scavengers' cart. Glancing over the heterogeneous mass, Pen caught sight of a mysterious lump of something, covered with little, dark-brown knobs. He picked it up curiously, not quite sure whether it was not some strange animal; but it lay perfectly still on his palm, and he turned back to the greengrocer, and asked him if he knew what it was. The man took it out of his hand.

"Why, it's only a fern-root."

"What's that?"

"Something that grows—it's green; they're rather nice, some of them," he added.

"May I keep it?" asked Pen, suddenly; he had never seen a green thing growing.

"If you want it. Stop a minute, though."

From the back of his stall the man produced a small, red pot. He put the root into it, and pressed down some loose earth round it.

"There, youngster; give it plenty of water, and you'll have a fine plant one of these days."

Pen received it gratefully; he took his new possession carefully under his arm, and then the great bell rang for closing, and he left the market, and began his pilgrimage back.

At one of the street corners he came upon a blind man encamped under a doorway; he was

reading by his fingers, slowly and jerkily from a big, dingy volume, and Pen stopped in front of him to watch the process.

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast gifts into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing; and He called unto Him His disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all which have cast into the treasury, for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

There it ended; he closed the book. Pen waited a minute or two, but it was evidently concluded for the night; so he went on his journey. He did not understand it all—many of the words were altogether beyond his level—but he had gathered a general impression that the poor widow had given all her money away, and thereby pleased some great person, who had spoken out for her right well. He somehow associated it with the hospital-boxes he had often seen at street corners, and he wondered at which of them this person sat; then, remembering the faded old volume, he came to the conclusion that it must have happened some time ago, and most probably they were all dead now.

At the entrance to his own court, he encountered an acquaintance—a sickly, unhappy-looking girl, carrying a huge bundle of slop-work. He stopped to show her his new property, but she hurried on impatiently.

"I've no time to bother with it now," she said. "They want all this back by to-morrow night."

Pen turned into the dingy cellar that constituted his head-quarters. He put the little pot tenderly into a corner of the grated window, and, recollecting the greengrocer's injunction, went out to the court pump with a broken jug, the entire contents of which he straightway administered to the unfortunate root.

Days and weeks came and went; the fern remained to all outward appearance in exactly the same condition. It was Pen's last thought every night, his first every morning. At first he limped across to it hopefully, then patiently, but at last he lost all heart, and told the sewing-girl about it almost with tears and disappointment.

"I've given it pints of water, Margaret, and covered it up always; but it doesn't make a bit of difference."

"Why, you stupid boy," she said, "you're giving it too much. There's lots of time yet; those things never come up till the sun gets warm. I've seen heaps of them. Put it outside the window."

Pen put it outside thenceforth, and gave it the benefit of every ray of sunlight that found its way

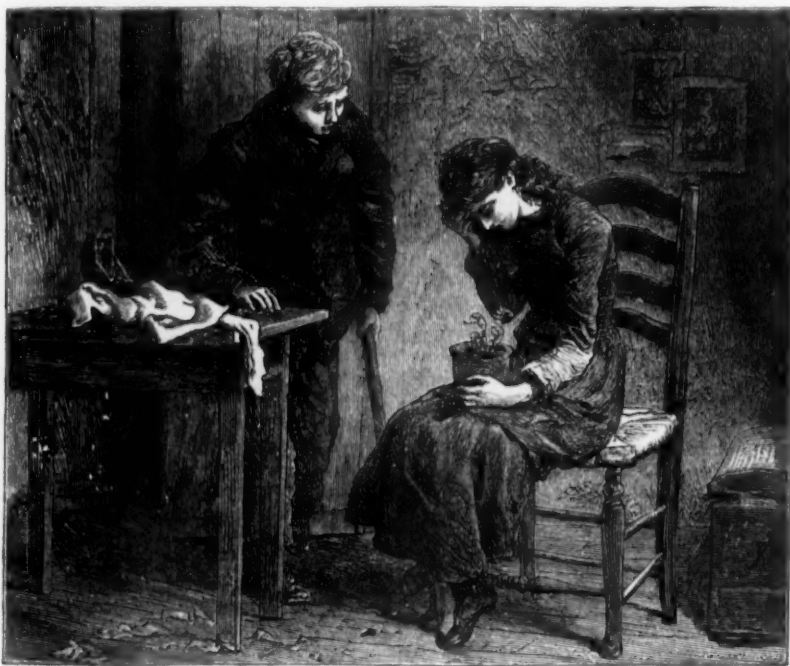
between those deep, dank walls. Not many days after he fancied he saw a change in the shape of the little brown knobs. There was a day or two of breathless anxiety, then hope blossomed into certainty—the brown sheaths slowly unrolled themselves into tiny, curling, green fronds.

It was like a revelation from another world to Pen. For hours together he would bend over it, his face almost touching the little, tender leaves. He hid it away in a dark corner in terror when his father was in; but the darkest fear he had was of the woman who sometimes came in to "straighten things up" in the miserable room. Mercifully these visitations were few and far between, but Pen suffered such anxiety for the safety of his

"Father and mother died, and I thought as I'd get on better here. One has to live, though one might as well be dead as live in this hole," she wound up bitterly. "There, take the thing away."

Pen took it down, but often afterward, he would carry it up to her for a little while. She was a fretful, irritable girl, but her face always softened and brightened at the sight of it, and truly the little fern grew and flourished as rarely a professionally tended one ever does; the tiny fronds lengthened into feathery sprays as gracefully as though they had never left their home in exile; and every leaf held a separate beauty of its own for the two who watched it.

Margaret talked to him sometimes of a far



"ONE NIGHT HE CARRIED IT UP TO MARGARET'S ATTIC TO SHOW HER."

fern the first time she was in possession, that ever after he took it with him to the church steps, where he generally sat with his stock of fuses and matches.

One night he carried it up to Margaret's attic to show her; she put down her sewing this time, and took the little pot on her knee, and Pen presently saw with astonishment that tears were glittering in her eyes.

"They used to grow round the house where we lived," she explained. "It was hundreds of miles from here, and I've never seen one since I left it."

"What made you leave it?" inquired Pen, sympathetically.

country that was filled with growing trees and flowers, of fields white with daisies and hedges thick with giant ferns; she told him how they grew and waved by thousands on the hill-sides. Pen thought of Ludgate Hill, his only experience of mountain scenery, and received that item with a heavy discount. The hedge might pass—he had never seen one—but there should be no hill-side for his fern, if he could help it.

One sultry August morning it chanced that he found himself stranded in a distant street. He had set out with two or three other boys to see some procession, but his limbs failed him half way, and they went on without him. He was standing still

looking for a friendly doorstep, when the sound of a jerking, monotonous voice broke upon his ear; a few yards off against the wall was a wooden stool, and on it, reading from the same old book, the blind man he had once listened to before. Pen stole softly up and settled down beside him.

"And—there—came—a—certain—poor—widow—and—she—threw—in—two—mites." The story went on to the end, the same story; when it was finished Pen touched the reader's sleeve.

"Doesn't that treasury mean the box for the hospitals?"

The man turned his face toward him, sharply.

"No, of course not; it was a church."

"But they don't keep boxes at the churches," objected Pen, who had never penetrated beyond the steps, and knew nothing of their internal arrangements. "Is that person who spoke up for the poor widow alive now? Isn't he very old?"

"Why, it was Jesus," the man explained in a rather shocked tone. "He's up in Heaven, you know."

Pen didn't know, but he went on in his quest of knowledge.

"Then there isn't any treasury now?"

The man hesitated; these were leading questions.

"I don't know exactly; I suppose it means giving to poor people, and I wish to goodness they'd do a little more at it."

"But the widow was poor herself, the book said," persisted Pen, "and that was why that other person spoke about her."

"Well, well; I can't stop talking here; it might have been for somebody poorer than herself—or sick, perhaps."

"Does the book say it wasn't the hospital-box?" asked Pen, coming back at the word to his original point.

"No, it doesn't," owned the scholar, reluctantly.

"But I don't think it was. You ought to go to school and learn about it. It means that you are to help the poor."

"What's the use, if the person isn't beside the box now?"

"It wasn't a box, I tell you; and He knows about it all the same."

Pen rose up with a sigh.

"It's rather curious to understand, isn't it?"

"Not when you've been brought up to it," returned the modern Gamaliel, loftily.

Pen had not been brought up to it; but the story had taken a deep hold upon his mind. He would have walked a long way to look at the originals in the little drama, if he could only have discovered their whereabouts; but there seemed some uncertainty about it. He puzzled over it often, as he sat on the steps with his fuses, through the long sunny days.

There was one inhabitant less in the crowded

court that August. Pen, going up as usual one evening to Margaret's attic, found it deserted. The woman beneath told him that she had been taken away to the hospital that morning.

"When is she coming back?" asked Pen, blankly.

"There'll be no coming back for her," said the woman, decidedly. "You can go and see her at the hospital, if you like, twice a week; it's in Grey's Road."

Pen limped down again, rather disconsolately. Margaret had not been always a congenial companion, but he had not many, and the fern had been a strong tie between them. He missed her more than he thought; and, the first day that the rules allowed, Pen presented himself at the hospital gates.

"Margaret Ellis," echoed the nurse, a tall, kindly-faced woman, in a snowy cap and apron.

"Are you her brother?"

"No, nothink; but she lived beside us."

"I am afraid you cannot see her to-day, my boy; she is very ill."

"Is she going to die?"

"I am afraid she is."

Pen gave a little sob.

"And she'll never see my fern again."

"You can hardly wish her to stay," said the nurse, not quite comprehending; "she has suffered a great deal here, and she would be safe with Jesus, we hope."

A sudden light broke over Pen's troubled face; he had found the missing link.

"Oh, I know Him!" he cried out, joyfully; "it's the person who sat by the treasury."

The nurse looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't know; but you had better go now; you can come again on Saturday."

Pen pondered it over as he went home. He had been right, after all; it was the hospital-box. How strange that, among so many hospitals, he should have found the very place where He was! and yet that man with the old book had said He was dead. All the parts of the story did not fit in—much of it he did not understand; but then he had not been brought up to it, and they seemed to know about it.

"I didn't understand about my fern till I saw it grow," he wound up, unconsciously linking together the two great mysteries of the life that is, and the life that is to come.

And if he had had anything to give he would have given it then, but he had not. Nothing in the world, except—except—Pen's very heart stood still as it came upon him—his fern. The poor widow gave her money to some one who was poorer than herself, or sick; Margaret was both. If it had been anything else she should have had it, but that—it was not possible to give her that.

Pen pattered back to his cellar in sore trouble;

he took his fern out of its corner, and put his arms round it, and his face went down among the leaves, his own little piece of the great green world that he had never seen, possibly never might see. He thought of the light it had shed in that dismal room, and the gladness every new leaf had unfolded about him; of how the sick girl's face had lit up at the sight of its greenness—had she seen that person? he wondered, and had the rich people given her many things inside? And then the widow came back again, who had "given all that she had," and the little seker, blindly groping after his Lord's will, fell asleep at last, his head upon the table beside his much-loved fern.

It seemed to Pen afterward that he lived through a good deal in those few days. Saturday morning found him at the hospital with the fern in his arms. It was to be cast into the treasury. The nurse took it from him, and touched the fronds admiringly.

"It is a beautiful one," she said. "It will be a real comfort to her. She talks about the country incessantly."

Pen went away without a word. He sat on the steps in the summer moonlight that little long hours after the last chance of a customer had gone by; and when at length he went back to his cellar, he crept up to his pallet in the corner without one glance at the place where the little pot had stood.

He wandered round by the big hospital many a time that week, only to look at the rows of windows, and wonder which held his treasure, and how it looked, and if Margaret would care for it as he had.

An hour before the gates were opened on the next Saturday, Pen was there, propped against the opposite wall on his crutch; and after that he had to wait a long time in a little room before the nurse came. She stood on the threshold, and patted his head kindly.

"Margaret's troubles are over, my boy," she said. "She died three days ago."

"Was she glad to get the fern?" asked Pen.

"Yes; she kept it close beside her pillow till she died; and the last time she spoke, it was to ask to have it put in her coffin."

"And was it?" he queried, eagerly.

"Yes, certainly, and it was buried with her," answered the nurse, softly closing the door upon him.

"Perhaps she told Him how it was the only thing I had to give," he said to himself, as he limped slowly down the steps and back into the crowded street.

Ay, and perhaps she did. And perhaps, also—given more ignorantly, but as loyally and lovingly as were the widow's mites of old—not among the least of the gifts in His treasury the Master may have counted that little fern.

MY TWO LOVERS.

LIKE "ladye fair" of old, I have
Two lovers brave and bold;
And one has clust'ring locks of brown,
And one of sunny gold.
One's eyes are clearest, darkest gray,
The other's gentian's blue;
But which I think the fairest face
I cannot tell to you.

One is so shy and proud, his love
He rarely tells to me;
And yet I know 'tis pure and deep
As the unfathomed sea.
On lips and cheek a hundred times
The other kisses me;
"My darling," o'er and o'er he cries,
With laugh of ringing glee.

There are no deeds of high emprise
They do not mean to do,
For life before them stretches out
A wide world fresh and new.
Like unread books, I cannot guess
What future pages hold,
And half with fear and half with hope
I watch the tale unfold.

For, like "all men of woman born,"
They bring both joy and pain,
And oft I dream their future out—
A dream as fond as vain—
Of fairest maid and "coming prince,"
And deeds of "derring-do"—
Enough, if wiser grown with years,
They are as pure and true!

Which loves me best of lovers twain,
I'm sure I cannot tell;
Nor which the dearest one, for I
Love both of them so well!
And only pray to share their love
When they are bearded men;
For one was six years old last May,
The other only ten!

MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

A SOUND and strong statement of what is right, and why it is right, or what is wrong, and why it is wrong, is a most needful foundation for any moral or religious training. From the lack of this plain and reasonable knowledge comes much of the confusion of mind which fails to detect the sophistry with which self-interest will plead against the calls of honor and of duty. People drift into wrongdoing of every kind far oftener than they deliberately plunge into it, and the lack of a clear conception and a thorough comprehension of its nature from the beginning is frequently the first cause.

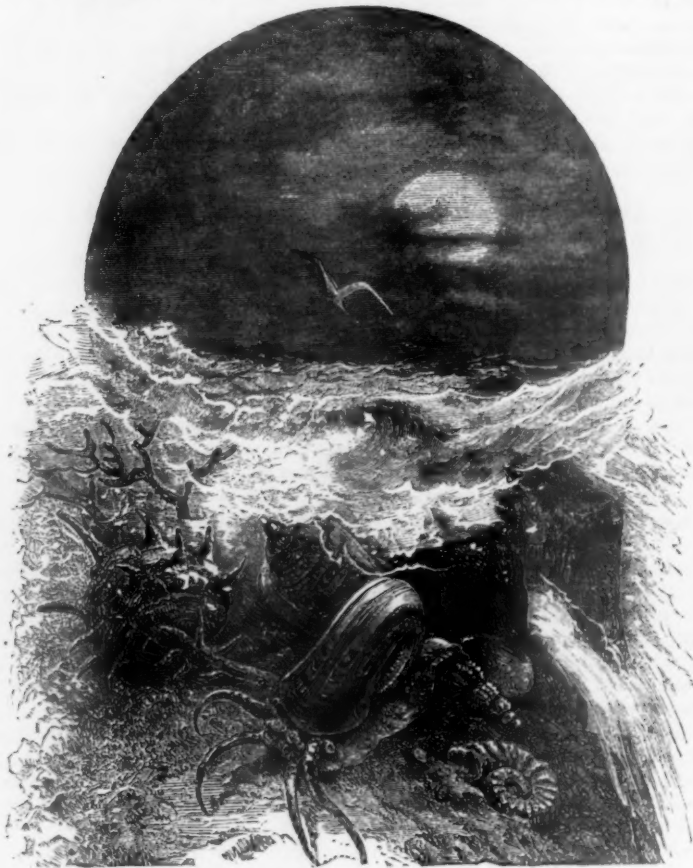
WORLD-BUILDERS.*

THERE is a world under this world, above, below and all around it, of which we have no suspicion. An immensely powerful world, which in its details we scorn, but which at intervals affrights us, when it stands revealed before our eyes in one of its grand unforeseen manifestations.

The navigator, for example, who at night sees the ocean shimmering with lustre and wreathing garlands of fire, is at first diverted by the spectacle,

distance a nature of gigantic force, of terrific wealth, but possessing little relation to the other, the well-ordered, and, in a certain degree, economical nature, of the higher life.

It is impossible to speak of insects or molluscs without naming these animalcules, which seem to be their rough outline, and in the extreme simplicity of their organism already foretold, indicate and prepare for them. With a good microscope you can discern these miniatures of the insect, which simulate their organism and mimic



He sails ten leagues; the garland is indefinitely prolonged; it stirs, and twists, and knots itself in harmony with the motions of the wave; it becomes a monstrous serpent, ever extending its sinuous length to thirty, ay, and forty leagues. Yet all this is but a dance of imperceptible animalcules! What are their numbers? At this question the imagination starts back aghast; it perceives in the

their movements. When you are able to distinguish the *Rotifers*, you think that in the aggregations and in the tentacles of their mouth you recognize them as little polypes. The *Rhizopods*, though almost imperceptible, are furnished, nevertheless, with good solid carapaces, which are equally as good a protection for them as their great shells are for the molluscs, the oyster and the snail. The microscopic *Tardigrada* are, in fact, closely connected with insects, and the *Acarina* with worms.

* A chapter from "THE INSECT," by Jules Michelet. London: T. Nelson & Sons.

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What are these least of the little? Simply the architects or builders of the globe which we inhabit. With their bodies and their remains they have prepared the soil now echoing under our feet. Whether their tiny shells be still distinguishable, or whether they have been decomposed into chalk, they are not the less the foundation of immense portions of our earth. A single bed of this chalk stretches from Paris to Tours; that is, for fifty miles. Another, of enormous breadth, spreads over all Champagne. Pure chalk, or Spanish white, which we find everywhere, is composed of pounded shells.

And it is these most minute of organisms which have wrought the grandest of works. The imperceptible rhizopod has built for itself a nobler monument than the Pyramids; nothing less than Central Italy, a notable portion of the chain of the Apennines. But even this was too insignificant: the colossal masses of Chili, the prodigious Cordilleras, which look down upon the world at their feet, are the funeral monument wherein this impalpable—I had almost said invisible—organism has interred the remains of its vanished race.

A bygone world, hidden beneath the present and upper world in the profundities of life or the obscurity of time!

What might it not tell us, if God would give it speech, and permit it to recall all that it has done or is doing for us! What just demands might not the elementary plants, the imperfect animals whose dust has fashioned for our use the fertile crust of the globe, that noble theatre of life, addressed to us!

"While you were still asleep," might say the ferns, "we alone, by transforming and purifying the previously irrespirable air, created after thousands upon thousands of years the earth now blooming with the corn and the rose! We accumulated that subterranean treasure of enormous coal-beds which warms your hearth; and that one mass, among others, a hundred leagues in length, which feeds the great forge of the world from London to Newcastle."

"We," the imperceptibles might say—the obscure and unnamed animalcules despised or ignored by man—"we are thy guardians, have laid out thy fields and built thy dwelling-places. It is not the great fossil rhinoceros or mastodon whose bones have made thy soil; it is *our* work—or rather, it is ourselves. Thy cities, thy Louvres and thy capitol are constructed with our *débris*. Life itself in its essence, in that sparkling beverage by which France diffuses joy over all the earth, whence comes it? From arid hills where the vine thrives in the white dust that once was *we*, and absorbs the concealed warmth of our prior existences."

The demand made upon us would be a lengthened one; restitution impossible. These dead myriads, having nourished with their lime the various articles that form our sustenance, have passed into our very being. Others also would put forth a claim. The very pebble, the hard flint, once lived, and now nourishes life.

Great was the astonishment in Europe when a Berlin professor—Ehrenberg—informed us that the silicious stone, so sharp, rough and brittle, the *tripoli* with which metals are polished, is neither more nor less than an aggregation of dead animalcules, an accumulation of the shells of infusoria of

a terrible diminutiveness. So small is the creature I speak of, that it takes one hundred and eighty-seven millions to weigh a grain.

The labors of the unseen architects of the globe,



admired by our men of science in extinct species, travelers have discovered revived in living species. They have surprised, in our own day, immense laboratories in permanent activity, of beings invisible in themselves, or apparently powerless, but really of boundless capacity of toil, if we judge by its results. What death accomplishes for life, life itself relates. Numbers of tiny organisms become by their present works the interpreters and historians of their vanished predecessors.

These, like the latter, with their structures, or their *débris*, build up islands in the sea, and construct immense banks of reefs, which, gradually joining together, will become new lands. Without going further than Sicily, we find among the madrepores, that cover its coasts torn by volcanic fires, a little animal, the zoophyte, which has accomplished a task man would

never have dared to undertake. He contrives to move forward by protecting his soft body with a shield of stone which he incessantly secretes. Continuously developing the tubes which in succession afford him shelter, he entirely fills up the empty

spaces left by the madrepores or corals, bridges over the intervals between the reefs, and connects them with one another; finally, he creates a passage in defiles previously impassable. In due time this builder will have accomplished the colossal task of a causeway all around the island in its circumference of a hundred and eighty leagues.

But it is more particularly in the vast Southern Ocean that these works are prosecuted on a grand scale by the polypes of the lime, the corallines, and madrepores of every kind; an animal vegetation worthy of comparison with the labor of the mosses in a peat-moor, which continue to flourish in their upper growth while the lower are transformed and decomposed. Exactly like these vegetables, the polypes, and even their production, the coral, while still soft and tender, frequently become the nourishment of worms and fishes which feed and browse upon them like our cattle, derive their sustenance from them, and return them in the shape of chalk, without the slightest indication of a previous existence! Recently, English seamen have discovered at the bottom of the sea this manufacture of chalk, which is incessantly passing from the living into the inorganic condition.

But these distinctive causes do not prevent the polypes from imperturbable carrying on their gigantic labors, incessantly elevating the islands and solid barriers which are so skillfully adapted to resist the oceanic action. They divide the work among themselves according to their species. The idlest execute their share in the quiet waters, or in the great depths, remotest from the light; others under the sunshine, among the very breakers of which they eventually become the masters.

Soft, gelatinous, elastic, adhering to their support, the stony and porous mass; they deaden the fury of the boiling waters which would wear out the granite, and split the rock into fragments.

Under the mild trade-winds which prevail in the tropic climates, the sea would uniformly flow with a tranquil tide if it did not encounter these living ramparts, which force it back upon itself, scatter its waves in spray, and vex it with everlasting torment.

That the waters should assault them is their fate. But they inflict no injury upon them; and in truth it is on their behalf they toil. Their violence does not wear *them*, but it wears the reef, and detaches in atoms the lime on which they live and with which they build. This lime, absorbed by them and *animalized*, changes into a hundred sparkling, living, active flowers, which are identical with our polypes, and form quite an analogous world enameling the ocean-bed.

On the margin of these islands—which are generally circular, like a ring—accumulates a layer of vegetable wealth, which speedily grows green, and embellishes itself with the only tree that can en-

dure salt water, the cocoanut palm. This, then, is the *humus*; the life which will forever continue to develop. The fresh springs and fountains will next make their appearance, invited and fed by the vegetation.

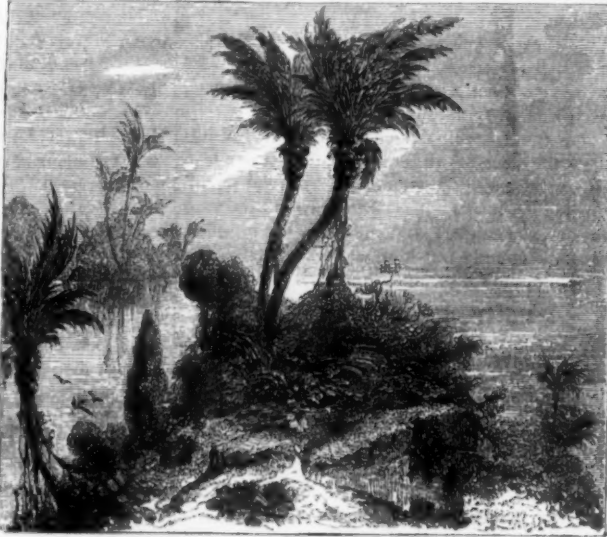
Such is the original type of a young world which in due time will be inhabited. The cocoa-palm will have its insects; the birds will pause on its boughs; men will gather its fruit. Wrecked ships and floating timbers, propelled by the sea, will bring there after awhile tenants of every kind.

Some of these islands, when extended, enlarged and solidified, measure not less than twenty-five miles in circumference. Many are larger still; fertile, inhabited and populous, like the Maldives.

The ambition of their architects might rest contented, you would think, with these vast creations. But to insure their fixity, they have increased their extent. The buttresses by which they strengthen their work at the bottom of the sea being prolonged and elevated, expand into banks, which link the isles to each other over an immense area. Along the line of burning life, in the tropic zone, these indefatigable builders have daringly intersected the sea and worked athwart its currents; and already are arresting the courses of our navigators.

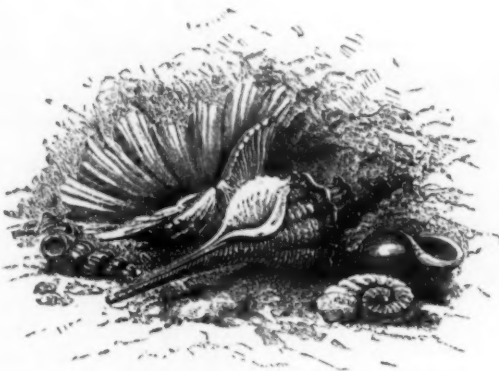
New Caledonia is now surrounded by a reef of one hundred and forty-five leagues in length. The chain of the Maldivé Islands measures four

hundred and eighty English miles. To the east of New Holland stretches a bank of polypes over three hundred and sixty leagues, one hundred and twenty-seven of these without interruption. Finally, in the Pacific Ocean the mass known as the Dangerous Archipelago, is about four hun-



dred leagues in length by one hundred and fifty in breadth.

If they continue after this fashion, incessantly connecting their various piles of submarine masonry, they will perhaps realize the prophecy of Kirby, who discerned in the coral isles and reefs the possibility of a new world—a brilliant and fertile world; and in the course of centuries may accomplish the formation of a causeway, an immense bridge, connecting Asia with America.



BECKIE THORNE'S TRAMP.

"O H, my! How clean we are goin' to be! Take care and not scrub a hole through the boards, Sissie."

The speaker lounged into the nearest chair and tossed her not too clean-looking sunbonnet upon another.

"I just wish you wouldn't track my floor all up, anyway," retorted Beckie, rather snappishly, wringing out her mop to wipe up the print of ten good-sized, dirty toes.

One could hardly blame her, for she had just made the floor as white as it lay in the power of soap, sand and good-will to do. Beyond an injunction not to stir out of that chair till the floor was dry, she deigned no remarks to the intruder, who sat demurely watching while she washed the threshold, the great stone at the back door and the well-curb, finally tidying herself at the water-trough which, with thrifty settlers, always stands near the well. Then, though she longed to finish her toilet in her own room, up-stairs, Beckie went in and sat down, for she had often been cautioned not to leave Sal Treffrey alone in the house. So she took her patchwork from the basket and began setting the smallest and evenest of stitches in a new block.

"How industrious!" mocked Sal; "mar says it's a sign girls is thinkin' o' gettin' married, when they take to piecin' quilts."

"What nonsense, Sal!" returned Beckie, "when I'm only twelve years old! But my mother says if you'd make patchwork instead of lounging around and wasting your time, you'd be much better off."

"Mebbe so, mebbe no so," remarked Sal, with a toss of her head, "but there's some other things, quite as important, I *shouldn't* find out about. For instance, if I stayed tied up in the house I mightn't know that there was a old tramp a-hangin' round in the woods, just a-waitin' his chance to rob and kill folks."

Beckie started.

"Is that true?"

"Course 'tis, or I wouldn't be tellin' it," grinned Sal.

"Probably not," laughed Beckie, somewhat relieved. "You ought to be ashamed, trying to scare me in that way."

"Ain't tryin' to scare you. There's no need o' you bein' afeared with your folks at home all the time, but it is kind o' skeery for me, that's left days and nights alone. Be sure 'twouldn't be no great loss ef I was carried off, as mar says. But I must be a-goin'. Can I see your mar a minute?"

"Mother is not at home," replied Beckie, quietly.

"Well, yer par, then; he'll do."

"He isn't here, either."

"Well said! Yer all alone, ain't ye? No wonder ye was kindly scart when I spoke about that tramp. I wouldn't a-told ye if I'd a-known it."

Sal said this as innocently as if she had *not* spent a full hour, that morning, watching the ceremonies of "catching up" Dobbin and Jerry, and brushing their plump sides till they shone like silk; of "tackling" them to the freshly-painted "democrat" wagon, of settling stalwart Mr. and cheery, apple-cheeked Mrs. Thorne on the wide seat and, after many kisses and charges, of driving off down the sunlit road. Yet, but for such reconnoitering, Beckie would have received no call from her, for Sal was fully aware that she was never a welcome visitor at the farm-house, and stood in awe of its owners. She lingered some time, telling horrible stories and making startling suggestions to Beckie, who was not particularly sociable in return, for she knew her parents would be displeased at her encouraging such company; then, finding it rather dull, and reflecting that a return would be easy enough if she found nothing more entertaining, she took her departure. Though truly glad to see her go, Beckie could not help a slight feeling of loneliness, for there were no near neighbors, and she was but a child, after all, though a courageous one. She soon threw it off, however, in the pleasure of braiding her hair smoothly and tying it with a pink ribbon, and putting on the neat, print dress and prunella gaiters she was allowed to wear after her work was done.

As for Sal, she strolled off in search of a fresh sensation, and before following her we will explain why she was thus at large. Her mother was one of those persons, so well-known in country neighborhoods, whose chief idea in life is "to go visiting." Her own household concerns being dispatched in the shortest and easiest manner, she set off to investigate those of others, in which duty she was most untiring. Meanwhile Sal was left to roam about at will, and while all agreed it was no wonder she grew up idle and mischievous, no one could feel it a duty to put up with her pranks. So, she came to be looked upon as a nuisance to be got rid of as soon as possible wherever she appeared, and if this fact occasioned her any regret she never manifested it.

There was, however, an envious, spiteful feeling stirring in her mind toward the thrifty little maiden, as she left behind her the tidy farm-house with its flower-bordered walk and general air of comfort, furnishing such a contrast to her own cheerless abode.

The sun beating down upon the glossy oak-leaves, threw deeply-notched patches of softly-trembling shadow upon the grass, the clumps of hazel-brush by the road-side sent forth their slight fragrance, the red-winged black-birds were "hold-

ing a camp-meeting" in the elderberry-bushes, and surely no sweeter chorus of praise ever went heavenward. Altogether it was a lovely day, but nothing of all this did Sal Treffrey see or hear as she splashed her bare feet through the very middle of the road, kicking the dust up in clouds before her as she went, or, with the stick she held, beating the heads from the poor, stunted mayweeds that grew within her reach.

"I bet they'll bring her something awful nice," she muttered, "they always do. Wonder how 'tw'd seem, just for once, to be in her place. To have mother stay home and tend to her business, 'n just go off once in awhile for a day, and then bring me a new dress or a pair of gaiters when she come back."

Here she turned out to let Solon Brown's ox-wagon pass. This led her into a path she often followed to what she called "her den," a hidden nook between two hazel thickets, where the grass grew green and soft. Tossing herself down upon this she lay a long time watching the little floats of white cloud chasing each other lazily over the plot of blue sky above, and feeling the discontented thoughts dissolve with them.

"Well," she mused, "I shouldn't be happy shut up to housework and piecing the way Beckie is, and having to go to school day in and day out. I guess I'd rather be Sal Treffrey, after all. Or else I'd rather be a queen, and live in a castle. There's one now, a great, big, white, marble one, all piled up as high as a mountain. Let me see what I'll have inside. Well, there's a prince, and ever so many fine ladies, and lots of stores full of all sorts of nice things, silk dresses, and candy, and raisins, and horses, and carriages, and—" here the clouds drifted all in together and so did Sal Treffrey's thoughts, till both faded into the golden dreamland of a summer day.

"Hullo!" said a gruff, but not unkindly voice, "do they leave their young uns lyin' round loose in this part of the kentry, I want to know?"

Sal sprang up, startled and bewildered. Before her stood a man of perhaps fifty years, somewhat travel-worn and dusty, with a stout-knobbed, hickory walking-stick in his hand.

"Ye needn't be afeared," he said, noticing her frightened expression. "I didn't s'pect to be disturbin' anybody, but I've come a long ways, an' I thought there might be a cool, shady place to rest inside these ere bushes. It's a powerful hot day," he continued, wiping his forehead with a yellow-spotted, red, silk handkerchief which he put slowly back into his pocket. "Can ye tell me ef Jotham Thorne lives anywhers nigh here?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Sal. "I'll go 'long and show you the road. It's right in my way, and I ought to a-bin gone long ago, but I lay down here to rest and went fast asleep afore I knowed it."

So she led off her companion, of course uncon-

scious that she was taking him a long, roundabout way, for it was no part of her purpose to let him reach the Thornes' till she had made out his errand, if possible. This was easy enough for, after a few questions, he chatted on freely.

"Ye see," he explained, "Jo and I is fust cousins, and we used to be awful thick, but we ain't met for a good meny years. Wonder ef he'd know me now?"

"Suppose you try him," returned Sal, her quick wit suggesting a sequel to her diversion of the morning. "Just go there and not tell anybody who you are, as if you was a traveler, you know, and see if he'll find you out."

"That's just the idee!" he cried, delightedly. "I'll do it, sure as time! But where did you git the head piece to work it up?"

"Oh, that's easy enough," laughed Sal. "I guess they're away to-day, all but a girl they leave with the house sometimes. You'll have to be careful she don't find you out. She's dredful curious; sort o' surly, too, but don't you mind; just go right on as if you belonged there. But I've got to leave ye now. Just keep on till ye come where four roads meet. Turn to the left, it's the first house, ye can't miss it;" and Sal, climbing the fence, beat into a little thicket, under cover of which she took a short way to the house.

The day was beginning to seem a long one to Beckie. After everything was in faultless order, and the gay, old-fashioned vases filled with freshly-cut flowers, the piece-work came out again. They did not go together very swiftly, the light and the dark, Beckie was too particular about the set and angle of each tiny stitch for that, yet, by the time the hour hand of the brown old clock had crept around to twelve, two neat, nine-square blocks were added to the pile. Beckie laughed as she set out her dinner for one, and thought how queer it must be always to do that way, like Auntie Horton. But it didn't taste very good, somehow; she half-believed she was lonesome, and cleared the things away with a dismal feeling as of something unpleasant about to happen. She wished she had a new book to read or even a newspaper. It was so dull. But the quiet received an unwelcome break. Just as she was gathering up her sewing again, in rushed Sal Treffrey, sunbonnet in hand and hair flying, exclaiming, in a hoarse half-whisper: "O Beckie, he's coming, he's coming!"

"Who's coming?" asked Beckie, coolly, thinking it was merely a trick to frighten her.

"Why, the old tramp I told you about this morning. I seen him turn this way, and I run jest as fast as I could to let you know. But I can't stop a minute. I'm awful sorry. Hope he won't do anything dreadful. Hadn't you better fasten the door?" And out at the back door she scuttled, for she had no idea of being caught there.

Bolting the door was out of the question for

Beckie, as ere she reached it, a shadow fell across the threshold, followed promptly by a tall, dusty figure. She may be forgiven if her heart sank within her, though there was nothing either hard or fierce in the face or in the voice that said: "Howd'y, little gal; can ye give me a drink of water?"

When Beckie brought it, she noticed that the stranger had treated himself to a chair, and slipped his satchel from the stout stick which he still held.

"Now," he observed, as she put up the glass, "one good turn deserves another, and if you had jest as lief, I'd like a bit o' dinner. It's sumwat after time, I see, but I've trod a long road this mornin', and I'm ez hungry ez a bear."

Beckie silently set the table again for one, this time wondering how she could have complained that it was dull. It was *dreadful* now. While the dinner was being disposed of, with evident relish, Beckie was studying out what to do, but nothing seemed of any use except to run away, for which she was too brave, even if there had been any place nearer than a quarter of a mile to run to. She wished he would keep on eating all the afternoon, but, persevering in that line as he seemed, dinner could not last so long. That over, he took the rocking-chair by the window and, tipping back, settled himself, closing his eyes as if for a nap. Then, indeed, Beckie had an idea.

"Wouldn't you like to lie down, sir?" she asked. "Father often takes a rest in this little room."

"Don't care ef I do, child; much obleeged to ye for speakin' out."

Beckie showed him a tiny room whose chief furniture was a wide, old-fashioned "settee" upon which he ensconced himself contentedly, and soon she knew, by his heavy breathing, that he was asleep. Now, she felt was her time. True, her visitor did not seem at all ill-disposed, but she had heard so many terrible stories of tramps, that she every moment expected him to break out in some ferocity. The room where he lay had been built for a store-room. It contained only one window, which, unlike any other in the house, had a strong, close shutter. She crept softly round and closed and barred this; then after a little waiting she slowly and carefully closed the door. It was a work of time and patience, often abandoned upon some slight motion of the sleeper, to be renewed when he grew quiet. At last it was shut and, through the handle she passed, not only the great walking-stick, but a hoe-handle of iron-wood. Then, for the first time, she could breathe freely. It was past two o'clock. She went to the door and gazed anxiously up and down the road. Not a soul was in sight. The still, hot sunshine lay over all, and through it the shrill chirr of a grasshopper sounded mockingly. Once in awhile a leaf stirred on the nearest tree as if some drowsy zephyr in turning over had moved it, all else was motionless. She seated herself resolutely on the

stone-step, determined that no one should pass without her notice. No one, it appeared, wished to pass. More slowly than ever the clock hands seemed to crawl, but at last they did get around to three—half past four. Hark! What noise was that? Her captive was fumbling at the door.

"Little gal," he called, "let me out! Let me out."

Beckie dared not answer. She thought it must be very dark, and hot, and dismal in there. She was sorry for him, but if she let him out he might kill her. How long the moments seemed! Would they ever come? Her prisoner shouted, banged and pulled, but the door was stout and the fastening sure. Still she was afraid it might not stand much more.

Oh, joy! There was Dobbin's head coming over the hill and Jerry's, too. Jerry always hung his and pulled back, so she could not see him quite as soon. She stayed for no more. Down the walk flew her feet winged with joy, yet slow-seeming to her. She had always thought she could run fast before.

"My! What crazy head is this?" said Mr. Thorne, as he pulled up for her to climb in. "Be you in such a tearing hurry to see us?"

"O pa!" panted Beckie, "I'm so glad you've come!"

At which appropriate place she began an interlude of tears and sobs.

"I must say this don't look pertiklarly like it," laughed Mr. Thorne.

"Let be, father," said his wife; "something's been scarin' the child, I think. What is it, Beckie? Tell mother."

So, on the mother-breast her sobs were hushed, and before they reached the house the story was told.

Sam Lowder, who had ridden up in the back of the wagon went in "to see the fun," and soon the whole force was arrayed before the door on the other side of which futile efforts were still mixed with cries of, "Let me out!"

Mr. Thorne held an old rifle which had once seen service, Mrs. Thorne a rake, Sam had grasped a pitch-fork and Beckie adorned the background flourishing a carving-knife. The door was opened, and surely no honest soul was ever more amazed than poor Ned White at the group which met his gaze.

"What upon airth air ye goin' to do?" he exclaimed.

"Nothin', if ye behave yerself peaceable," returned Mr. Thorne.

"I never did no other ways," was the answer, in an injured tone, then he added, all thoughts of his plan put to flight by this reception: "I'll be blamed ef I ever thought I'd get such treatment as this in your house, Jotham Thorne, an' we such friends once that ye couldn't see one without t'other."

"I must say I don't remember no such times," replied Mr. Thorne, "don't think I ever saw ye afore."

"So you've forgotten your own Cousin Ned, that used to sit with ye at school and—"

"Ned White? No indeed! But I'd never a-took you for him."

"I'd not have known you, either. Ah, well! we allays expect to find our friends with just the faces we said good-bye to, and forget how the years have been markin' 'em up with crow-tracks and rooin' 'em over with gray hairs."

"Well, Ned, I'm first-rate, glad to see you. Wife this is—"

But Mr. Thorne found that his whole armed force had vanished. Not until she *must* go in to set the tea-table did poor Beckie put in a shame-faced appearance. But Cousin Ned, as he insisted on her calling him, bore no malice, and they all had a merry laugh together at the explanation of Sal Treffrey's plot.

"Smart gal that," remarked Ned. "Might make somethin' with the right trainin'."

"Purty late in the day," replied Mrs. Thorne, "bad blood, too."

Ned made no reply, but if you want to know what came of it for Sal, we will tell you some other time. What came of it for Beckie, was a pleasant visit and, at Christmas-time, a pretty case of new books, containing a card—"From Beckie Thorne's tramp."

ADA M. KENNICOTT.

MARY.

THERE is scarcely a family without at least one Mary, and even where the modern love of change has driven out the good old name in its simplest form, we find most probably a Marie or a Marion, a Maria or a Miriam, which are all of them varieties of Mary; and, indeed, Miriam is by far the oldest form of the name, and there can be no doubt that indirectly the Virgin Mary inherited her name from the famous sister of Moses and Aaron. It is somewhat doubtful what the name Miriam or Mary really signifies, but whatever be the true derivation, it would seem to have been given originally as a sign of displeasure or opprobrium; for it is probably derived from a Hebrew word signifying rebellion, in which case it must have been conferred upon the sister of Moses in remembrance of the time when she and Aaron murmured and rebelled against their brother, and were punished for their contumacy by the Lord (see Numbers xii). The only other derivation suggested is one that connects it with Mara, "bitterness," which name it will be remembered the widowed Naomi declared in her sorrow ought to be hers (Ruth i, 20). But whatever was the original meaning of the name Miriam, there can be no doubt that the high honor in which the songstress of Israel was held was sufficient to make it a noble appellation for any Jewish woman to bear.

In the history of our Lord's sojourn upon earth the name of Mary frequently occurs. It is a Mary who gives birth to the world's Redeemer, a Mary who anoints His sacred feet, a Mary to whom He first appears after His resurrection, and three Marys stand at the cross while He offered Himself up for the sins of the world.

What wonder, then, that the name has been held in the highest esteem and veneration by the whole Christian world. We do not need to exalt the virgin with any undue reverence to love the name which was borne by so many whom the Saviour loved. Instead of "rebellion" or "bitterness," we can connect with this name obedience to the will of God and sweetness of disposition, such as earned for the sister of Lazarus and the Magdalen such high praise from Jesus.

When we turn to secular history we find the name of Mary borne by many who have become famous either for good or evil. We are accustomed to connect the name with an unfortunate and misguided queen, who was, indeed, rebellious against the Lord and bitter to His followers; but Mary Tudor is not the only Queen of England who bore the name. Mary II, James's daughter and William's wife, will well bear comparison with any of the queens for her true religious feeling and the many virtues of her too short life. For Mary Stuart, headstrong as she was, we cannot but feel some pity; her sins were heavily punished; driven from her country, deserted by her friends, spending weary years in captivity, and at length perishing by the headsman's axe. Her history contains lessons of wasted talents and neglected opportunities which we might all of us study with profit. Brave Lady Fairfax, who was the only one who ventured to protest against the judicial murder of Charles I, is a Mary we may well be proud of. Then there is Mary Somerville, a woman whose life showed that high, mental abilities and deep devotion to science need not unfit any woman for the ordinary duties of a wife and mother. We might gather from the history and biography of many lands a long list of illustrious Marys. French history gives us many a Mary or Marie, of whom it is only necessary to mention the beautiful and ill-fated Marie Antoinette. As we have said, the name Mary in one form or another is as popular as ever; but we have never adopted the foolish custom which has prevailed in many Roman Catholic countries of giving this name to *boys*. Yet this practice is very common even at the present day in many parts of the continent, and one may often meet with men who bear some such fanciful appellation as François Marie or Guiseppe Marie, while every one knows the name Jean Marie Farina. But Mary will always hold its own, and every girl who bears it has a right to be proud of it, and a duty in trying to make herself worthy of a name to which so many noble associations belong.

BANGKOK, SIAM.

THE countries of Farther India—or, as it is styled, India beyond the Ganges—are among those least known to the modern traveler. Generally speaking, these lands may be called the

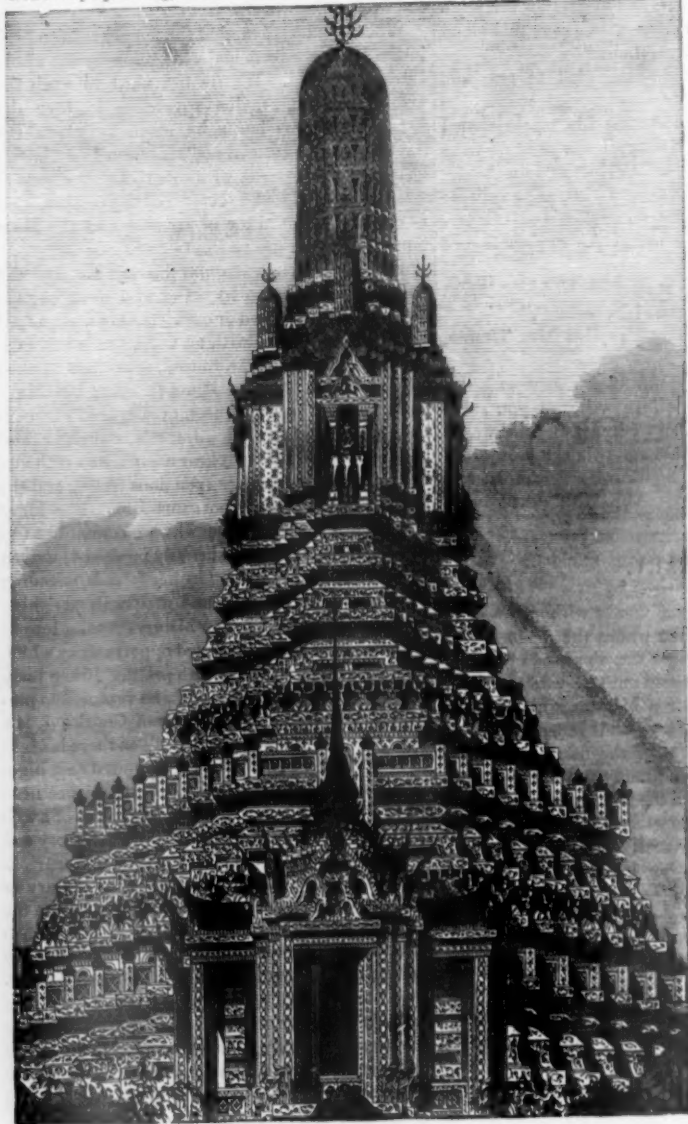
idolatry; and magnificent temples in the midst of squalid hovels.

This strange meeting of extremes is especially exemplified in the city of Bangkok, capital of Siam. It scarcely merits being called a city; for, beholding it from the river Menam, upon which

it is situate, it seems simply a heterogeneous collection of boats of all sizes, shapes, colors and uses. From above, it is almost entirely hidden by acres of impenetrable forest, beyond which stretch to the horizon vast rice fields. So the town proper consists of but few buildings. These, however, are of two distinct orders—gorgeous pagodas and palaces on the one hand, squalid huts on the other.

These pagodas excite the unbounded wonder of every beholder. Scarcely admiration, for they are barbaric in their splendor, like the half-civilized people of whose taste they are the exponent. But their great height, their vast extent, their astonishing proportions, their fantastic ornaments, their lavish wealth of gold and precious stones, are striking beyond expression, recalling the fabulous descriptions in Eastern fairy-tales.

One of the most famous is the *Wat Sak Kide*, situate in an immense inclosure, containing two or three temples, with huge gilt images of Buddha within them, a huge building for preaching,



WAT CHENG.

region of fertility and indolence, intelligence and superstition, splendor and poverty. On the one hand may be seen unbounded natural wealth, needing enterprise to develop it; innate gentleness and courtesy combined with the grossest

the dwellings of the priests, and many pavilions for the use of worshippers. This pagoda is not finished, but still sufficient has been completed to give an idea of the original design. It is built of brick, and the form is that of a bell, with a circumference of

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about a thousand feet, and an altitude of about two hundred and fifty feet. The sides are covered with small niches, probably intended as the receptacle of idols, and many narrow, sunken stairways lead to the summit. A large one on the outside winds around it to the top, which is a level place about fifty feet square, and upon which rests another pagoda, perhaps seventy-five feet in height. Most of the pagodas have beautiful grounds attached—these, however, are in quite a neglected condition.

Another temple is known as the *Wat Sah Prah Tam*, situate without the city walls. At one extremity of this temple is a large gilded image of Buddha, with a smaller one just in front, both sitting cross-legged, and surrounded with costly garments. The walls are painted in gaudy colors, with pictures of the annual or semi-annual religious visit of the King to this *wat*. In these paintings, the Oriental crudity is seen in the two decided colors, the great contrasts and the bad perspective—though, as a whole, they are quite fair. This *wat*, and all those belonging to the Siamese, are lofty buildings of brick, with roofs rising in connected, decreasing tiers, and projecting over deep verandahs, which are supported by rows of massive, square pillars, some of them about sixty feet high, and the whole is covered with white cement. The roofs are made of varicolored tiles, and at the extremities of the ridge-poles are wooden ornaments the shape and size of a bullock's horn, which give an odd but graceful finish to the buildings. The doors are large, and covered with fine carvings in gilt and black; the windows, multitudinous in number, are also carved, and sometimes ornamented with small pieces of colored glass.

But the most famous of all the Siamese pagodas is the *Wat Cheng*, the subject of our illustration. This is bell-shaped, with a lofty, tapering steeple, the whole probably two hundred and fifty feet in height. The temple is built of brick and plastered on the outside, which is wrought into a grotesque and fanciful mosaic with Chinese cups, plates and dishes of all sizes and colors, broken and whole, so set in the plaster as to form figures of elephants, monkeys, demons, griffins, flowers, fruits, vines and arabesques. In large niches upon the sides, at nearly half the distance to its top, are images of Buddha riding on three elephants. The grounds of *Wat Cheng*, some twenty acres in area, embrace, besides the priests' dwellings, temples, and so forth, beautiful flower and fruit gardens, ponds, grottoes, and stone statues of sages, giants, warriors and the like.

In addition to these Siamese places of worship, there are, in the city of Bangkok, some belonging to the Chinese residents, who form a large proportion of the population. The largest of these, *Wat Conlayes Nemit*, contains a brass, cross-legged, sit-

ting Buddha, about fifty feet in height and forty in width at the bent knees. The immense roof of this temple is as much as one hundred feet from the ground. There are two smaller *wats* within the same inclosure; one contains a brass Buddha sitting upon a rock, supported by a copper elephant on one side and a leaden monkey looking up with reverential eyes on the other. The other *wat* contains a large central image of Buddha, and about a hundred smaller ones in different positions, before and around it; some are made of lead, some of brass, some of mixed metal, some of wood and some of gold and silver, presented by princes and nobles.

H.

NEMESIS.

WITH restless heart and hot, tired hands,
That late had loosed their clinging clasp,
With feet that walked on slipping sands,
And love and joy beyond my grasp;
In bitter need that would not wait,
With whitening lip and shaking breath;
"Grant me this one sweet boon, O fate,"
I cried, "or give me death!"

The steady thread of fate spun slow,
The level eyelids did not lift,
But through the stillness, hushed and low,
Came answer: "Take thy gift!"

With feet that tread on ragged rocks,
Rough-hewn, that pave my weary way,
With lips which iron duty locks,
Save when I sometimes dare to pray;
With hands which, empty, can but seek
Each other when the pain grows strong,
With eyes whose tears alone must speak
Their wordless grief and wrong;

With out-flung heart, "O fate!" I moan,
"Thy dead-sea apples mock my thirst,
Whatever joy my life has known
Thy fatal boon has surely cursed.
I'm weary of this tireless pain,
I leave the load I cannot lift,"
With tears for words I pray again,
"O fate, take back thy gift!"

Swift cleaving through the leaden air
Came answer sudden, sharp and stern:
"Too late! in vain is wish or prayer,
Thou never canst unlearn!"

MARJORIE MOORE.

NO TRUE artist ever worked yet for ambition.
He does the thing that is in him to do by a force
far stronger than himself. The first fruits of a
man's genius are always pure of greed.

WORDS FOR OLD PEOPLE.

I CAN'T pretend to decide *how* old you must be before you come under this head. Perhaps you *feel* old and broken from toil and sorrow; or disappointment and failure have left their cruel lines on brow and step; or, sadder still, the sycophancy and falseness of the world may have hardened you to a crust. Possibly disease has sapped the fountain of youth, and dimmed the lustre of your eyes; or oft-repeated bereavements—those finger-touches of God—have left you alone to tell the tale! Yet, maybe you are a happy old man or woman—too happy to realize any pain in growing old. But this matter of *feeling* old is a curious thing. I know a sweet wife and mother of thirty-five who says she feels *so old*, and has a tormenting horror of growing older.

"Why, I haven't begun to live yet," she says, mournfully, "and there's silver in my golden hair now. I am afraid my handsome husband will not love me if I grow old so fast."

Dear little woman! She forgets that love cannot grow old, and that she was never more beautiful in the eyes of that handsome husband than to-day, for the lines of care and suffering tell their own tale of endurance for love's sake. Yet another of my friends who has passed through many and great disappointments, asks, with a sad wonder in her eyes: "Is this *all* of life?" The usual complement of joys incident to early years have passed her by, leaving her heart-hungry and surprised. I am fain to answer this disappointed woman, that "it is not all of life to live," thank God!

Dear reader, have you ever been away from home on some long, tedious day—one that has been full of care and perplexity, or weary with toil, and as the hours lengthened felt that you could hardly hold out till evening, were it not for thoughts of home, and rest, and dear ones? How you have watched the sky, perhaps, to see the shadows lengthen! Ah! then remember that the gray hair, wrinkled brow, the bent shoulder and feeble step are but tokens that evening draws nigh, and "the e'en brings a' home!"

These may be the signs that the bloom and vigor of youthful days are passing away, but they are also indications that you are stepping into a grander stage of even *this* life's existence; for grand it is to be a noble old man or woman. As you step down into the land of Beulah, you have a wealth of treasured memories, and you can afford to smile with a superior smile over your sons and daughters. You know more than they, strong men and bright women though they be. You have been all over the road where their feet tread so confidently. You know the pit-falls, the ins and outs, the thorns, the joys. You remember that when you were twenty years old you thought you knew everything, or what you did *not* know was

hardly worth acquiring; but at forty you began to suspect that you were a fool, and at fifty you *knew* it. Now you are quite convinced that wisdom will not die with you, and therefore you can smile at the egotism of the middle-aged about you. Also, if there is not the enthusiasm of buoyant life within you, there is the calmness and satisfaction of mature judgment. You know what life really is. You are not deceived by appearances, and the life to come puts on warmer, richer tints in prospect as you near the golden portal. If the eye is dim, the ear heavy, remember that there are lights that die not away with the dying sunbeams; there are songs that cease not when the singing of the birds is silent.

I know an old man of ninety, of whom the world is scarce worthy, who is both blind and deaf. Last week, when I sat by his side, he said: "No one can rob me of the sounds within. I hear the sweet voices of children and of birds echoing from the past, but *never one harsh or wicked one*. I am greatly favored; more than the rest of you, I suspect," with a smile lighting up his pale spiritual face.

We answer in tones suited to his deafness: "But your *blindness* shuts out everything pleasant from you."

"Oh, no! you are mistaken," he answers, brightly. I do not forget my children's faces, or the sunset over there, or that field of grain, or this grand old oak. I see them all, and much besides, but nothing ugly or disagreeable. Oh, I am a happy man!"

Dear old man! who shall say that you have passed off the stage of action while you preach such a sermon as that? Why, the long day of that man's life—active, influential and rich in good works—is as nothing compared to the glory of such a sunset.

If you, dear reader, are fifty, sixty or seventy years old, do not say: "We are passing off the stage; younger men are taking our places; we just step one side for others."

No, you do not. When the sun comes up on a summer's day, and has business on hand, he is very beautiful; and beautiful he is as he sails through the white-fleeced clouds, and beautiful still as he sinks westerling, silently and slowly, to the horizon. Have you never seen it enlarge itself at the last, as it loses something of its brightness? You can look it full in the face now, as it seems to hang for a moment without moving, and then there is sheeted all over the landscape such glowing, gorgeous colors, that the whole world is glorified. Is not this light more beautiful than at any other time of day?

Now there is many a matron and many an old man that, during the sunset of their days, are giving us more beauty than at any other period of their lives. Therefore, however venerable you

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are, though your steps are slow and your outward physical functions are obstructed, you are not laid aside. Do you say, "Our children and neighbors do not take this view?" Then your children do not deserve their parents, and are planting thorns for their own old age, and your neighbors are incruited with a coarse materialism.

Ah, no one who has not tried it can imagine how pleasant a thing it is to be consciously and undeniably an old man or woman—to have the whole landscape of life behind you and below you! To see now and then, through the mists and shadows, *why* the path wound *here* or *there*! A pleasant thing, indeed, to catch some explanatory hints of a training for higher work hereafter; to get some illuminated glimpses of God's *wherefore*; to have the long up-hill all but over, and to find the upland slopes of duty all but merging in the table-land of glory; to rest here in acquiescence to powers enfeebled—powers that have done their work, and can do no more, save stray, quiet, kindnesses—rest in the hope of powers renewed, when their exercise shall once more be a joy. Pleasant to have a strong and ever-growing trust through much forgiven and some things overcome; to have a bright and ever brightening hope of Heaven through that death which is the seed of infinite life; to find the great multitude to whom we go, no longer an overwhelming dazzle of supernatural light, a crowd of unknown angelic faces, but the blessed company of dearest and most familiar faces.

Ah, my dear old friends, these things are worth growing old for! To be wanted and longed for in Heaven is worth all the pain it costs to have this world emptied.

Be of good cheer, then, as you step down into the sunset valley. Over the mountain yonder are tints from the land of sunrise, and soon the stars will pierce the blue.

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

LEANING TOWERS.

OF leaning towers, perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most widely known, is the celebrated one at Pisa in Italy. It is one hundred and eighty-seven feet in height, being ascended by three hundred and fifty-five steps, and is inclined from the perpendicular rather more than fourteen feet. Erected about 1174, this beautiful structure is built of marble and granite, having eight stories, each formed of arches supported by columns, the several stories being divided by ornamental cornices. Being unconnected with the neighboring buildings, it was probably intended to be used as a belfry. Notwithstanding its inclination, and the fact that seven hundred years have elapsed since the erection of the structure, it has withstood the ravages of time with

more than ordinary success, exhibiting at the present time hardly any perceptible sign of decay. It would seem that the tower has not always presented the peculiar appearance which it has now assumed, for in the Campo Santa, a neighboring burial-ground, the cloisters of which are ornamented with curious paintings on stucco, there exists a representation of the tower in an upright position. These paintings are supposed to have been executed about 1300, more than one hundred years after the tower was built; so that it may be considered pretty certain that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as is the case with those at Bologna in the same country. The taller of these latter, that of Asinelli, was built in 1109. It is over three hundred feet high, and has been stated to incline two feet and a half. It may be ascended from the interior by five hundred steps; and the summit commands an extensive view of the neighboring cities of Imola, Ferrara and Modena. The lesser tower of the two, that of Garisendi or Garisniddi, compared by Dante to the stooping giant Antæus, is about one hundred and forty feet high, and deviates seven or eight feet from the perpendicular. It has been found by experiment that most lofty buildings of any antiquity are slightly inclined from an upright position. In Italy, besides those already mentioned, numerous other instances are to be found. The bell-tower of St. Mary Zibenica at Venice leans; also towers at Ravenna, and between Ferrara and Venice.

The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of Caerphilly Castle, Glamorganshire. Being but between seventy and eighty feet high, it is eleven feet out of the perpendicular. The castle of which the tower forms a part was built about 1221, and the canting of the tower is said to have been caused by an explosion of hot liquid metal used by the occupants of the castle to pour on the heads of their enemies, at a siege which took place in 1326. There are also leaning towers in Bridgenorth Castle in Shropshire and at Corfe Castle in Dorsetshire, both caused by the use of gunpowder during the Civil War between King Charles and his parliament.

CHARITY.—True charity is the sweetest and most attractive of qualities. It smooths away the angles and rubs off the roughness and diminishes the friction of life. It adds grace to daily courtesies and makes burdens easier to be borne. The loving heart is the strong heart. The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult. There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society and in the church; but first and chiefest is the need for it at home, where it is the salt which keeps all things sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines star-like through all gloom and depression.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

ONE of the most earnest and high-minded American women known to fame was Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Her father, Timothy Fuller, was a direct descendant of the old Pilgrim Fathers, and inherited the stern morality and uncompromising sense of duty which distinguished the Puritans of England. His timid, shrinking wife left the management of the children very much to him; and thus it happened that little Margaret, who was born at Cambridge, Port Massachusetts, upon the 23d of May, 1810, was very early brought under his influence.

Mr. Fuller, admirable as he was, knew nothing whatever of the needs of a sensitive little child, and his one idea was to make her a prodigy of learning.

Margaret had excellent abilities, but she had also a very great deal of imagination, and all the nervous excitement which belongs to such a temperament. She was not strong, and before she was six years old the long lessons and heavy tasks set her by her father told terribly upon her health.

She was required by him to learn so much and commit so much to memory that it was often very late at night before she could go to rest, and then sleep was impossible. Mr. Fuller was only at home in the evenings, and was so stern if any mistake occurred in the recitations Margaret prepared for him that her education must have been a time of great torture.

When at last she went to bed, the poor little overtasked child could not rest; horrible dreams tormented her, and she awoke shrieking with terror. For this she was often severely punished, and told to "leave off talking rubbish" when she tried to explain her dreadful visions.

Before she was six she was learning Latin, and before she was eight her acquaintance with Shakespeare was thorough. She became so devoted to learning that when she was thirteen her one wish and aim in life was to cultivate her mind. To this she lent every faculty she possessed, and we find her at fifteen rising before five, and in the course of a day's work studying French, Italian, Greek, Latin, music, singing, metaphysics and philosophy! In addition to all this she kept a journal regularly.

But Margaret was not to be allowed to sacrifice everything to her love of learning. She was to be taught that life has higher lessons to teach than mere knowledge. When she was about twenty her acquaintance with German literature inspired her with a rapid desire to visit Europe, and acquaint herself thoroughly with the nations of which her varied reading gave her such exalted ideas.

To this end she determined to earn sufficient money to pay her expenses, for her father was not well enough off to afford her the luxury of travel.

She undertook the education of her younger sisters and brothers upon the understanding that the money thus saved should be hers. She looked upon this self-imposed task, which to many girls would have been delightful, as the most irksome thing in the world. But although the education of the children occupied her for eight hours a day, and she was housekeeper and attendant upon an invalid mother, at the same time she still carried on her own intellectual training. We find her passing her evenings in the study of European geography, and writing out analytical criticisms of the works of Schiller and Goethe, and it is not surprising that the immediate result of so much exertion was a long and serious illness.

In 1835 Mr. Fuller died, and Margaret's plans were completely overthrown. As the eldest of a large family, much devolved upon her. They were comparatively poor, and the question was no longer one of only saving money, but of the need of making it.

The voyage to Europe was an impossibility, if justice was to be done to the other members of the family. Margaret realized this, and her sense of duty led her to relinquish her own ambition, not without a pang which she could not hide, but with cheerfulness, which, if at first assumed, became natural to her.

She had many friends, and among them some sufficiently influential to obtain an appointment for her as teacher in a large school at Providence. Sixty scholars were under her management, and after awhile her earnest nature met with a fitting reward in the enthusiastic affection felt for her by her pupils.

She has been called egotistical and conceited—perhaps she was—but her great powers of mind were joined to a very simple and sincere character, and she talked naturally of all that interested her. Her conversational powers were so esteemed that the recognition of them led to a curious scheme. A class was formed for conversation, and placed under her directions, and, rather strangely, the plan was very successful. The first meeting was in November, 1839, and the fame of these conversational gatherings became so great that gentlemen wished to join them. Accordingly the next year mixed classes were held, but were not quite so successful. In 1844 Margaret Fuller became engaged in literary work, and Mr. Greeley, a proprietor of the *New York Tribune*, proposed that she should live in his family, and write for his newspaper. This led to her going to reside near New York, and then she first interested herself in philanthropic work. In 1846 her longed-for voyage to Europe became possible, and the first country she visited after her arrival at Liverpool was Scotland.

Later in the year she went to London, and at once became a favorite of society. She is de-

scribed as having been of medium height, with light hair and blue eyes, and a curious habit of closing her eyelids frequently whilst speaking.

After a stay of some months in London, Margaret went to Paris, and thence to Italy, where the romance of her life began. Her sympathies with the ardent people of this country were so great and so engrossing that she threw herself into all the political contests of the period. She became accidentally acquainted with a young nobleman, the Marchese Ossoli. He belonged to a poor, patrician family, and was greatly interested in the American lady. His acquaintance ripened into love, and although Margaret refused the offer of his hand and left Rome, it was only to return some few months later, when she rewarded his devoted attachment and became his wife in December, 1847.

For political reasons the marriage was concealed for more than a year. The marriage of the Marchese with a Protestant would have been fatal to him. The secrecy this entailed was very galling to Margaret. But three of her husband's brothers were in the service of the State, and Margaret had written and spoken so openly of the glory of Italian independence that she was necessarily unpopular with the reigning powers.

In 1848 she went to Rieti, and there, on the 5th of September, her baby boy was born. Her husband was engaged in Rome, and could only visit her occasionally; sometimes, after many hours' traveling, he could only pass a few hours with her. Margaret was a devoted mother, and her suffering was very great when she found that if she was to be a true wife to her husband and join him in Rome she must leave her boy to strangers.

"Ah," she writes to her husband, "how can I ever, ever leave him?"

Yet it had to be done, and little Angelo was left with a trustworthy nurse, as his mother hoped, and when after a month's absence she returned to find him well and strong she became a little more reconciled to it. But political troubles thickened. In April, Rome was in a state of siege, and once with her husband, Margaret could not leave the city to visit her darling. Every day she walked a great distance to meet a physician who was allowed to pass out into the country, and upon the scanty tidings he brought, her heart tired.

She was too energetic to be still. She began to nurse at one of the hospitals for the wounded, spending her whole time amid scenes of suffering. She sent money as constantly as she could for her child, and only hoped that the nurse might prove faithful; but when at last she and her husband could leave Rome she found that her little one, her darling, had been all but starved to death.

How keen her anguish was we learn from her letter. "My baby," she writes, "I found too weak to smile, to lift his little, wasted hand!" and

it was four long weeks before he had strength to smile.

She determined that no circumstances should ever reconcile her to parting from him again, and a conviction grew upon her that life in beautiful Italy could not be hers. In 1850 it was decided that the whole family should go to America. Her marriage was now known, and she had been assured that her husband and little son would be welcome in her native land.

Passages were taken in the "Elizabeth," a merchant vessel, leaving Leghorn upon the 17th of May.

The lovely breezes of early summer made the trip along the shores of the Mediterranean most delightful. Little Angelo was the idol of all the passengers and crew; and a special pet of the captain's.

A few days after leaving port, Captain Hayes sickened with the small-pox, and died upon the 2d of June. Angelo, who had been much with him, took the dreadful complaint. His mother's anguish was terrible, but she was not to lose him so. He recovered, and with a grateful heart, Margaret Fuller spent her time in trying to comfort the widow of the unfortunate captain.

The Atlantic was crossed, home seemed near, New York was to be reached next day, the pilot came on board, and in spite of a thick fog all appeared to be going well. But, about four in the morning of the 16th of July the ship received a fearful shock. She had struck!

All on board recognized the danger! The little one awakened from his sleep, terrified and shivering, cried piteously, but no other cries were heard. Margaret, taking her boy in her arms, sung him to sleep! They were so close to land that a few, brave, resolute men on shore might have saved all their lives; but no brave sailors were near them, only wretched outcasts, who streamed in sight hoping to profit by the wreck.

Margaret might have been saved would she have left husband or child, for the mate with incredible effort had managed a rope and plank, by means of which he took the captain's widow to shore. The ship broke up fast; still Margaret would not try to save her own life without her loved ones. The dashing waves carried fresh victims away; at four o'clock in the afternoon only three seamen remained, beside the family, when the mate declared he would save Angelo or die.

He had the child in his arms, prepared to put his resolve into execution when "a wave burst over the fore-castle, and the fore-mast fell, carrying the deck and all upon it." Margaret was last seen "clad in her white night-dress with her hair loose on her shoulders."

Parents and child died together! Little Angelo's remains were washed on shore and reverently

buried. Afterward his grandmother, old Mrs. Fuller, visited the spot, and his tiny body was removed to the church-yard where her husband lay buried.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and the husband she had devotedly loved, rest together at the bottom of the vast ocean. Her memory will live as long as earnestness of purpose and purity of life are valued in the world.

KLEPTOMANIA.

AMONG the various kinds of insanity, says *Chambers's Journal*, which are pleaded in courts of justice as an excuse for the commission of crimes, is that irresistible propensity to pocket articles, or more correctly, to steal, which has been elegantly denominated Kleptomania. According to authentic testimony, this mental disease is far more prevalent than is generally supposed; and the recorded instances of various kinds and degrees of such are both numerous and peculiar.

With regard to the intensity of the disposition to commit thefts, this is often so great as to become incurable. A case is related of a man who would not eat unless his food was stolen; in consequence of which his attendant humored him by placing his food in a corner, where it appeared hidden, but could easily be—so to speak—purloined. A lady was also affected with this monomania so strongly that, upon her trial for theft, she stated that she had such a mad longing to possess herself of everything she saw, that if she were at church, she could not refrain from stealing from the altar. Dr. Rush, the famous American physician, informs us that a woman who was exemplary in her obedience to the moral law except the eighth commandment, was so addicted to larceny that, when she could take nothing more valuable, she would often at the table of a friend secretly fill her pockets with bread. Lavater also states that a doctor of medicine could not leave his patients' rooms without taking something away unobserved; and his wife searched his pockets, and returned to their owners the knives, thimbles, scissors, etc., which her husband abstracted. The wife of another physician had so strong a propensity to steal, that on making purchases, she endeavored to take something away that did not belong to her; and two German courtesans appear to have been guilty of the same vice. The almoner of a regiment of Prussian cuirassiers, a well-educated man, frequently on parade stole the handkerchiefs of the officers; and one unfortunate man was so far under the influence of kleptomania, that being nigh unto death, he actually secreted the snuff-box of his confessor!

As to modern instances of this species of insanity, we knew a parish clergyman who stole every article he could lay his hands on. If out

at dinner, he pocketed scraps of bread, table-napkins or anything. When lodging at hotels, he carried off pieces of soap and the ends of candles from his bed-room. His larcenies became so notorious that he was ultimately brought before the church courts, and turned out of his living. The *Times*, a few years ago, in commenting upon the subject of a lady-kleptomaniac being prosecuted for stealing cambric handkerchiefs in a draper's shop, stated, that "every one who is acquainted with London society could at once furnish a dozen names of ladies who have been notorious for abstracting articles of trifling value from the shops where they habitually dealt. Their *modus operandi* was so well-known, that on their return from their drives, their relatives took care to ascertain the nature of their paltry peculations; inquired from the coachman the houses at which he had been ordered to stop; and as a matter of course, reimbursed the tradesmen to the full value of the pilfered goods. In other cases, a hint was given to the various shopkeepers at whose establishments these monomaniacs made their purchases; and they were simply forewarned to notice what was taken away, and to furnish the bill; which was paid for as soon as furnished, and as a matter of course by the pilferer herself, without any feeling of shame or emotion of any kind." It is also stated in the *Quarterly Review* in 1856, in an article upon the Metropolitan Police, that "the extent of pilfering carried on even by ladies of rank and position is very great; there are persons possessing a mania of this kind so well known among the shop-keeping community, that their addresses and descriptions are passed from hand to hand for mutual security. The attendants allow them to secrete what they like without seeming to observe them; and afterward send a bill with the prices of the goods purloined to their houses."

With regard to the causes of this intellectual aberration, general insanity appears to be one. Thus it is a common observation, according to Pinel, that some maniacs who in their lucid intervals are properly considered models of probity, cannot avoid stealing and cheating during the paroxysm. Dr. Gall mentions an instance of two citizens of Vienna who on becoming insane were well known in the hospital for an extraordinary propensity to steal, although they had before lived irreproachable lives. They wandered about from morning to night and picked up whatever they could lay their hands on, which they carefully hid in their rooms. It also appears that epileptics have an irresistible impulse to purloin whatever they can secretly lay their hands upon, valuable or not.

If you have religion you need not tell people about it; they will find it out after trading with you awhile.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

CHAPTER VIII.

GATHERING SHADOWS.

QUIETLY and simply dressed as my child was, she shone pre-eminently in her grace and beauty among the guests we found clustered on the lawn, not quite knowing, apparently, whether they ought to venture among the school children, who had already begun to play in earnest among the trees of the park. But for herself May settled this question promptly, in her generous, self-forgetting way; and by ones and twos the fashionable ladies sauntered in her wake; and, some easily, some awkwardly, but none ungraciously, they, too, joined, as my child did, in the simple, merry games.

Mr. Fortescue hovered at her side, for his duties as host were not stringent in such a gathering as this; and presently, from following her lead, he grew to seem almost as much at home among the children as my darling did, and certainly, except herself, he did most and thought most for their pleasure and amusement.

I had great opportunities for noticing everything, for I could not join in all the younger ones did. Yet somehow—I suppose through knowing all the children and their parents, as of course I did, having lived all my life in the village—I had very few idle minutes; so I noticed how the young squire was always near my child, yet that she never seemed to give him the opportunity of talking to her. Quite merrily always, yet persistently, and probably unnoticed by any one save myself, she evaded any walking or conversing with him apart. Whether it were purposely or unconsciously done I could not be sure, but that it was so I was certain from the first. No sooner was Mr. Fortescue at her side, as he so often was, with his air of ready appropriation, than she would disappear. But it was only to start a race or help a tiny child in the game; so who could wonder at her swift change of place, when her refusals to dance with the young squire were only that she might be partner to some shy country lad, or pair off two little children and start them in the step? In that quiet observance of her, which had grown so natural to me, I saw all this. But I never wondered over it, because I knew that nothing would prevent my darling devoting this day to the children, and never allowing her own pleasure to interfere in any way with theirs.

The afternoon games were over, and the children were having tea upon the lawn—waited on by many pairs of willing, dainty hands, while the Hall servants found their services all anticipated by their master and his guests—when I, standing a little apart to watch the tea, was joined by Miss Fortescue. I don't understand anything about ladies' dresses, but I remember to this day think-

ing, as she came toward me, how beautiful my child would look in such a dress, and—how soon it would be in her power to wear it.

"A curious picture," Miss Fortescue said, pausing beside me, and glancing across the lawn. "I should think, Mr. Fearnie, that you never saw such an assembly here before."

"Twenty years ago," I answered, quietly and briefly, as I always spoke of those old times to any one save May, "I often saw the children here, and all the villagers."

"Twenty years ago?" Miss Fortescue repeated, with a polite, forced air of incredulity. "You mean when you were a little boy. Who entertained the poor people here then?"

"Miss Western's mother."

"Before she married Major Western?"

"Yes, certainly, Miss Fortescue."

"Mr. Fearnie, is it not true that you saw Mrs. Western after her husband's death?"

"Once, yes."

So far I had thought her questions mere idle chat carried on for my benefit, as we both stood apart idly watching the busy scene; but now, glancing down into her face, I saw something there which made my heart beat faster. She was troubled, and had come, of her own will, to me to bring this trouble. With her questions still ringing in my ears, did I not know that this trouble must touch my child? Without stirring a muscle, I yet felt as if I raised a hand to ward it off, as I asked Miss Fortescue some trifling question about the gardens.

"Will you walk round with me?" she said, for an answer to my remark. "I would like to speak with you for a few moments where no one can overhear us."

Like a man in a dream, I offered my arm, and led Miss Fortescue down a quiet shrubbery path on the outskirts of the lawn. For long minutes, that seemed to me to tell an hour, she kept silence; yet, though the silence seemed so long, I dreaded even the first word that should break it.

"You say, Mr. Fearnie, that you saw May's mother after she lost her husband?"

Miss Fortescue had taken her hand from my arm, and sat down upon an iron seat in the shrubbery, signing to me to seat myself beside her; but I stood opposite, my arms folded, as if I could win strength by my stillness, and my eyes lowered among the dusky leaves, dreading to see upon her face any sorrow that my child might have to bear.

"Yes, I went to Paris the very day after I heard of—after I read the account of Major Western's death."

"In what paper did you read it? Can you remember?"

"I remember almost every word of the account,

though it was in French. And I have the paper still."

"You have?" she questioned, with a change of tone, and rising a moment to look round in rather a suspicious way. "Then I would like to read it, if you will let me."

"Why, Miss Fortescue?" I asked, really astonished. "Surely such a painful subject had better lie undisturbed, now that time has mercifully buried it."

"If time had mercifully buried it," she observed, still with such calm self-possession, yet still with something in her tone that made my pulses throb like a coward's.

"There can be no 'if,'" I said, trying to grasp Miss Fortescue's meaning. "The—death happened nearly nine years ago."

"Mr. Fearné"—she had lifted her face to mine, and was looking searchingly at me as she spoke—"the death, as you forbearingly call it, never happened at all. Major Western is living now, and is coming here to claim his daughter."

For a moment the low trees reeled before my eyes, then I remember hasty words of contradiction falling passionately from my lips, while I felt the muscles tighten in my folded arms, and a pain like an iron hand press my forehead. Yet scarcely a minute could have elapsed before I sat down near Miss Fortescue, and told her, very quietly, but with utter certainty, that it was impossible—that May had no father but—myself.

The words sounded easy and commonplace enough. Who need ever guess the struggle that it cost me to speak of myself so to Ernest Fortescue's sister?

"It would be well indeed for May if that were so," my companion answered, "for her life has been a very happy one, I'm sure, since you have taken her father's place, as you have done indeed, Mr. Fearné; though, of course, we know there can be but about sixteen or seventeen years between you, and so it would be more suitable to speak of you as her elder brother."

"Will you tell me," I interrupted—for how could I care to hear her so discuss my child and me?—"why you had that fancy that Major Western was not dead?"

"I have," she said, with a smile, "his own word that he lives. He has written to my brother from Berlin, and speaks of being here in the course of a month. Don't think that I am unmoved by this unfortunate occurrence; I have been most troubled. But it is two days now since I heard it first."

"Then why—"

"Why did I not let you know at once?" she put in, when I paused. "Because, Mr. Fearné, it is so difficult to find you alone, out of May's sight and hearing, and because it would be such a pity for May to hear of this—yet."

This mention of my child, and my child's possible sorrow, in such a cold and studied voice, quickened my own impatient reply—that she need never hear of such a falsehood. But, even before the words were uttered, I had remembered that Miss Fortescue could have no motive for speaking to me so, unless she did it on her brother's behalf. At his request she must have left her guests to speak to me alone, while my child was with him; and he, who loved my darling so well, could have begged his sister's help only for the purpose of sparing her pain. In real shame for my impatience and suspicion, I apologized to Miss Fortescue for my words. For was it any fault of hers that she could not speak of my child with such love and tenderness as filled my heart, and that she could not do her brother's bidding just as he would have done it?

"I do not wonder that your first feeling was utter incredulity, Mr. Fearné," she said, gently, accepting my apology. "It was mine, too, and my brother's. Major Western's letter took us so utterly by surprise, that through the whole day we never once believed in its genuineness. Perhaps we both feared too much to allow ourselves to look into it again. At any rate, we set aside that day the very possibility of such an unfortunate future for May. But we both knew it would be cowardly to avoid the truth, whatever it might be, until that truth might break upon us all the more crushingly. So—but what need to lengthen what I wish to say to you? I will give you Major Western's letter, and you will think what is wisest to do. For ourselves, we see but one way to save his daughter pain, and—even degradation."

"That would be impossible for May," I said, in my quiet, practical way, feeling utterly heavy-hearted to hear this word coupled with my darling's name, even by one who spoke in kindness.

"From all such feelings," she went on, with a brief, compassionate glance into my face, "we all of us would like to spare her. I have learned to feel for her almost as a sister; you, we all know, have been as a brother to her for many years; and Ernest"—she broke off here with a smile, and shook her head—"I don't know what to say of Ernest, except that he would give his life to keep hers free from such a pain and humiliation as this would be for her—as this must be, unless we insure her happiness in the only way that is possible to us."

"And that is—"

I asked the question in a heavy, listless voice that scarcely sounded like my own. If her father really lived, and chose to claim his child, could the strength, or depth, or passion of our love for her withstand this claim?

"If she were married, Mr. Fearné, her father could not take her from here. She would be safely established in her mother's home."

The words were uttered kindly in their slow distinctness, though to me they sounded icily cruel. Yet had I not for months been preparing myself—ay, and even preparing May, too—for this future of hers, marked out to me so clearly now as wise and best? Was I to flinch at the last moment from giving my child to the life that would be so bright for her, and to the husband whom surely her own mother would have chosen?

"Will you tell me," I asked, merely to gain time before I was brought face to face with that other question, "how Major Western explains what occurred eight years ago?"

"It is a long story, he says," Miss Fortescue answered quickly, as if all this were no more pleasant to her to tell than to me to hear, "and he postpones entering into full particulars until he sees us. He was tempted to practice a fraud to escape his creditors; and circumstances and chance—as well as his landlady—assisted him. He speaks lightly—indeed I may say flippantly—of the transaction, and seems to think there can be but little blame attached to him, because it was, as he describes it, a desperate emergency. He has been in hiding ever since, abroad, but now has determined to run all risks and return to England, if only to fetch his daughter. He had heard of her having been brought back here, and, I suppose, concluded unquestioningly that she had lived ever since in her grandfather's old home. It was a not unnatural fancy, was it? He found out that the house had been occupied by a Mr. Fortescue, and so wrote, as he says, directly to him about May. I can see that he fancies Mr. Fortescue an old gentleman with a wife and family, among whom May Western has been adopted and brought up as a daughter. My brother and I, Mr. Fearn, think it just as well that this should be his certainty until he comes himself, when, it is to be hoped, his daughter will be beyond his governance. I'm sure you will be as anxious as my brother is to make quite sure of this."

I am anxious! The blood seemed boiling in my veins, and my heart ached to take my child from this planning. Sternly I told myself that this was only my own hope for her, and what would be best for her; the reiteration in my own thoughts, while it calmed me, only made that iron grasp upon my forehead all the heavier.

"This is so sudden," I said, as quietly as I could. "I have scarcely yet realized it. When may I see this letter?"

"To-morrow," Miss Fortescue answered, rising now as I had done, but pausing beside me. "My brother hopes you will give him an interview to-morrow, and allow all arrangements to be made for a speedy marriage. Then they will go abroad, and thus May will be spared this misery, you see, Mr. Fearn. When Ernest calls on you to-morrow, he will tell you—"

She was saying this to me in a lowered, earnest voice, standing at my side, when she stopped abruptly, her eyes turning suddenly from my face. Then I, following her glance, saw my child coming toward us along the shrubbery path, and in the same moment saw her pause and start, while the soft, bright blush I knew so well rose slowly to her very hair. In my own sad consciousness of what we had been saying, I seemed to understand this blush upon my child's wistful, questioning face; but I saw how it astonished my companion, and how she moved from my side with uncharacteristic eagerness, and spoke at once to May. But I—I could say nothing to my darling.

"I wondered where you were, John," she said, without coming a step nearer to me. "I will go back now."

Before she could have understood Miss Fortescue's prompt answer, the young squire had come among us in his search for May, and a swift smile broke upon her lips as, without a moment's hesitation, she turned to walk back with him. Quite silently Miss Fortescue and I followed them, until, just as we were about to leave the shrubbery and turn into the open lawn, my companion stopped me with a touch upon my arm.

"Mr. Fearn," she said, "I'm afraid I have but awkwardly and imperfectly fulfilled by brother's commission, or pleaded his cause with you. But you yourself made it almost needless for me to do so, as you saw everything so exactly in the light in which we saw it. I may tell Ernest, may I not, that you will see him to-morrow morning, and will help him to shorten the time for any secrecy between us and May?"

"Why does he wish to see me?" I asked, in unconquerable rebellion, though I knew well that there was but one favor the young squire would sue from me in my plain, simple home.

"Your question proves how clumsy I am at explanation," Miss Fortescue said, smiling, but with a rather searching and doubtful glance up into my face. "My brother wishes to see you, Mr. Fearn, that he may win you thoroughly to his side in advocating a very early marriage between himself and May Western. You see, do you not, that, if her father finds her living simply under your guardianship, as she is now, we can offer not the slightest resistance to his taking her with him where and when he chooses? Of course he now has every right to do so. And it would be very hard for you, after your care of her, to send her out into such a life as that of the professed gambler, and a world that would be worse than death to a pure, shy, truthful girl like May. You are very patient with me, Mr. Fearn, while I say so much that need not be said at all, and which you understand in your thoughts so much more clearly and readily than I do myself. I'm sure that, without a word of mine, you saw at once

the danger in which May stands, and the one sure way of escape that is open to her. If she is married—and especially if she and Ernest have left England—her father's coming, even when she knows of it, will cause her very little sorrow, and certainly no fear and misery. Even when they return, she will be safe in her husband's home here."

"Of course," I put in, with a strange, unnatural quietness, "she would be safe in her husband's home—anywhere."

"Anywhere—yes," assented Miss Fortescue, rather hastily; "but of course more so here, where Ernest's position is unquestionable, and his influence so great. Then now, Mr. Fearnie," she concluded, walking slowly on, "we understand each other perfectly, do we not? And we shall both guard this secret from the poor child herself, for we cannot help sparing one we love so well. Even I, who certainly do not know her as you do, feel most anxious that she shall be guarded from such a terrible fate as living with her father; and I shall leave home much more happily this winter if she is established in the position I vacate—in a higher position, I ought to say, as my brother's wife."

I knew Miss Fortescue thus alluded to her own approaching marriage, and in a vague, bewildered way I felt grateful to her for doing so. To touch upon any subject that was not my separation from my child was such a relief to me. I think I spoke of it, telling her, in my quiet, clumsy way, that I had been glad to hear of it, and wished her every happiness, and—and was grateful, I said, to feel that she would not be solitary after her brother had—married. I know now that what I said must have sounded strange to her, for my thoughts were selfishly filled with my own solitariness; but she was very patient with me, and even showed no surprise upon her face, while she offered me her hand and gave me smiling thanks for—I suppose for what she knew that I had meant to say.

Then we sauntered on to join the other guests, among whom I looked in vain for May and Mr. Fortescue.

CHAPTER IX.

DREADING MY LONELINESS.

IT was not until the children had been dismissed, and we had assembled in the great entrance-hall where tea was laid for us, that I began to feel a little uneasy about my child's continued absence. Ever since that minute in which she had both joined and left us in the shrubbery, I had felt intensely lonely, even though I had purposely mixed in the crowd much more than I had done before, with a strange, absurd fancy that I might act for her perhaps in her absence. How strange it was, that intense solitariness of mine, while all

the scene around me was so gay, and noisy, and active! I talked to the children with ease and even merriment; I proposed and played in one of the best games of the evening; I led them through the National Anthem, and helped to unite the little groups for their dismissal. I found they all laughed when I spoke to them, as if I jested, and I found them giving me especial good-byes, and I knew that I was taking May's place, and that presently I should be my own quiet, practical self again, and this dream would have passed. But then—ah, no, it did not do to think of that, for a sadder awaking was to follow; the awaking to a loneliness of which this night must be a forecast, or—to a sadder knowledge for my child than I could ever dare to give her.

I heard Miss Fortescue asking for her brother many times while we loitered round the tables; but I seemed to hear more clearly still—more distinctly even than the questions directly addressed to me, and which I answered with such apparent pleasure—those few words Miss Fortescue had said to me: "I know, of course, that you have nothing at heart more earnestly than the welfare of your adopted child." Surely, when I allowed myself to think, it was my own misery I had at heart; so—I must not think.

The lamps were being lighted in the hall, and the trees were growing dark against the sky, when some one near me, looking from the window, exclaimed that Mr. Fortescue and Miss Western were coming at last. I was glad to have heard this, for it prepared me to see them come in together, as I knew they would—he with such pride and hope in his young, handsome face, she with that soft pink color in her cheeks. I knew then that he had told her of nothing but his love, and I knew, too, by the intensity of my own relief, what had been my great fear in their absence—not that he should win my child from me, but that he should give her any motive for accepting him beyond her answering love. In all my selfishness, I loved her far too well for that.

Almost as surely as if I had heard him speak, I knew what the young squire had asked my child out in the gloaming, and with a smile of ready sympathy, if not of real gladness, I met the lovely eyes she shaded as she came toward me, laughing that the lamplight dazzled her.

I did not hasten her from the Hall. I let them tempt her to stay on and on, later and later, because I knew that when we had said good-night she would have only me. Not, of course, that Ernest Fortescue would ever be likely again to leave her long alone with me. And that would be well, for what a difference it would be for her—I in my humdrum quietness, he in his fervor of love, and hope, and happiness, hanging on every word she said, prizing every smile, able to show her in every tone and glance how much he loved

her, willing already that every guest within his house should read this honest love of his as plainly as I read it.

"John, are we ever going home again?"

My darling had come up to me as I stood apart, trying to talk and laugh as I had done before her return; and she asked the question demurely, guessing nothing, of course, of how I stayed for her sake, at the squire's so earnest request. Even now he followed her, pleading that it was very early yet, but naturally I took my child's hint.

"I was just intending to start alone," I answered her. "For hours I have been trying in vain to make you understand that it was time to leave."

"For hours, John," she answered, gravely, "I have been trying in vain to signal you homeward. How fond you are of dissipation and late hours!"

"Let me drive you, Mr. Fearnie," urged the young squire, when he found we were quite determined to leave.

"If May wishes it," I said; "if she is tired." And I tried to speak as if it did not signify to me in the slightest.

"I would rather walk," May answered, gently. "There is moonlight for us. Please let us walk."

And I think she knew that this was what I should like best—though I had tried to prevent her thinking so—for she smiled, in that grave, quiet way of hers, which always seemed to tell me that she understood me. And indeed what wonder that my darling, with that clear gaze of hers, should see through all my clumsy subterfuges?

Then we said good-night to our host and hostess, and to the lingering guests, and May slipped her hand within my arm—as even yet it was so natural for her to do—and we started together out into the peaceful beauty of the night. And the October moon was at its full.

I had a strange, sad longing to be left in silence through that walk—a feeling most unusual with me when my child and I were together. I longed to-night only to feel her beside me, her hands locked round my arm in the old, childish way, and her pure, grave face so near me in the silence.

I knew what she had to tell me, and I was covetous of this sweet, restful silence, while I tried to prepare myself for what this walk—ay, and all other walks—would be to me when I might never again hear her sweet voice or feel her clinging touch, or even have her silent presence near me.

I tried—ah, how I tried!—to fancy what going home would mean to me when I was once more utterly alone, as I was before Heaven sent my pet to me. Then I tried to feel grateful that she would even then live near me, and would be so happy. But even in this sweet, calm hour, my selfishness held stronger sway, and in my jealousy and my rebellion I grudged my darling to the man who loved her with such a different love from

mine, and whose love would have such a different fulfillment. What right had he to feel it such a natural thing that he should win her from me? What right had he to ask the gift from me, as if my life were worth no thought of others? It would be less cruel to stab me to the heart to-night than to come presently to take my treasure from me, after these dear, happy years through which she had grown so closely into my heart that to tear her from it would be worse than death.

Such bitter, selfish thoughts these were to hold on such a sweet and peaceful night, that I paused a moment in my walk, while I shook them from me, with a longing, strong as prayer, that I should prove Miss Fortescue's words true, and have indeed nothing more earnestly at heart than the welfare of my adopted child.

"John," May questioned, but with no glance of surprise at that momentary pause of mine, "you are not vexed at our not talking, are you? The silence of the night is so very, very beautiful."

All the covetous anger died from my face, when presently her eyes were lifted slowly to read my answer. All the bitter selfishness melted from my heart as her clasp tightened on my arm. All the old, bad feelings died to my darling's gentle words.

So, in silence still, but for me a different silence now, we walked on, until at last we reached that gate of the hill orchard where we always turned to give a last, long look at the Hall. And while we stood there, I broke this long, sweet silence just softly touching the linked fingers on my arm and speaking words that were far harder to utter than she could ever guess, but words that I hoped would help her, knowing what she had to tell me.

CHAPTER X.

OVER THE FALLEN LEAVES.

"AND often, May, when you are living in your mother's beautiful old home, I shall stand just here, and picture to myself the life within."

The old Hall lay like a picture in the moonlight, and after my long gaze I looked from it down into my darling's thoughtful face. Her eyes had not come back to mine, nor did she answer me. But I—on this spot where her mother had rescued me from selfishness and discontent so many years before—could bury the thoughts which had been fighting me so hard that night, and could remember how I *ought*, indeed, to have "nothing more earnestly at heart than the welfare of Miss Mary's child."

"Yes, dear, often and often I shall stand here and picture you within those old, gray walls; and it will all seem so real to me, my pet, that I—I shall be almost as well off as if I were there too."

"While you will take care to stay very far away yourself, John."

May said it lightly—I think because she heard my voice faltering a little, and so wished to break the pause. But I was brave to go on now, thinking only—so much easier it was upon this spot than it could have been anywhere else—of what my darling's future ought to be; the future of Miss Mary's child.

"Dear," I said, "no one has such a right to reign in the beautiful old house as you have. But don't let the grass grow upon this little field-path. I would like it trodden then, dear, as we tread it now. I had it made for your mother, May, and—don't look sad to-night, my darling—for the old sorrow was upon her face at my mention of her mother—"I—I feel sure, dear, that not only your feet coming, but my feet going, will keep it worn and neat, as we have done lately—you and I together."

There was a long pause—to me it seemed a long, long pause—and then my child questioned me gently, looking still before her, with something glistening on her lashes.

"Did you guess, John, or—or did Mr. Fortescue tell you?"

"Neither, exactly, dear," I answered, as lightly as I could. "Mr. Fortescue made it too plain for me to guess; but he has not told me yet."

I had helped her in the telling; but I could say no more just yet. So again there was a silence between us, while we still stood against the orchard-gate, looking back upon the quiet, moonlit Hall and park, until at last May broke the silence, just as if she only finished aloud the thought my words had given her.

"Yes, John, he asked me—"

"I know, my pet."

"You seem to know everything."

The tone was even a little unsteady in its impatience, and I saw that she would rather speak frankly to me than that I should anticipate all she had to tell. So I waited for her next words, though they were very long in coming.

"You wish me to—to go and live there, John?" she asked, with her wistful eyes upon the moonlit Hall.

But, looking down upon her so, the answer that I wished to give her would not come.

"You wish me to go soon, John? Very soon, you seem to say."

Still I could give no answer in this brief fit of cowardice, and so she raised her eyes and questioned me differently.

"Why do you hurry me, John? Why do you want me to go so soon?"

"I want you to be happy, dearest. That is all."

"And you think I shall be happier there?"

My cowardly hesitation was all gone now, and

once more I had simply the welfare of my child at heart.

"If I did not think so, I could not let you go, my pet."

"You call it my home. You say I shall be happier there," May said, with a new, quiet earnestness in her tone, and a grave, direct glance into my eyes, "then why did you not call it my home when I was a child, and homeless? Why did you not say I should be happier *there*, when you first tried to make me happy years ago?"

"All is so different now," I answered, every word a pain to me in its utterance, as my thoughts went back to that dear time, and I knew that I had had the power to make her happy in her child-life—even I.

"Different? How?"

"What childish questioning, May?" I said, smiling a little, knowing that I could not answer her steadily in any other way.

"You gave me the life you thought best for me then, John. Why has it ceased to be the life you think best for me now?"

"My child," I answered, just a little brokenly—for what question in the world could she have asked me that would have been harder to answer?—"the home I gave you then was but for a little time. The one offered you now is for life."

"How do you know?" May inquired, with a flash of sudden petulance which was most unlike her. "My mother's old home does not belong to Ernest Fortescue. He may give it up any day. You have no more reason to suppose that that would be my home for life than you had—"

The quick, impetuous words were broken as suddenly as they were begun; and who can ever guess how grateful I was that that impatient, childish question had been left unfinished?

There was a little silence between us, which I could not break; then May spoke even more gently than usual, and with a dreamy slowness.

"Yes, John, you were right. Ernest Fortescue wants me to go and live in the home my mother loved. She did love it—oh, how tenderly!"

"I know it, May."

"Yes," my child went on, in her quiet, dreamy way, "you know it. Have you not often told me of it? And so lovingly she used to remember it, John, that she made me—even before I had seen it—love it, too. Was it strange?"

"Strange, my darling? It was most natural." And then, in my old-fashioned, fatherly way, I put my arm about her, as we stood there, so still in the peaceful moonlight.

"Was it strange," she went on, unheeding both my question and my caress, "that in those dreary, Paris rooms of ours the memory of such a home as—as hers had been, and of the life she led there, should be passing sweet to my mother, and that I should love it, too—for her sake?"

"To whatever life she might have gone, May," I said, looking down into the tender moonlit face I loved, and longing for power to brighten these sad, childish memories, "all remembrance of the life she had lived here must have been passing sweet, my pet, because her life was one of usefulness, and helpfulness, and sympathy—for all."

"I could never live, even there," May said, "such a life as hers. How can I dare to take her place and be so different?"

"Leave us—leave the young squire to judge of that, my love," I said; and the words came now unbrokenly, even almost coldly, in the great strain I put upon myself.

"Yes; it was very dear to my mother," May went on, still in that dreamy, wondering way, and still with her wistful gaze upon the beautiful home where she was wanted.

"It will be dearer still to you, my child."

"And you can spare me, John?"

The thoughtful, quiet question came unexpectedly, even though I had for so long been reading how her pity for myself had saddened even her own new dreams to-night; yet I had tried hard, too, to hide any dreary glimpse of my own selfish pain. What a return for all she had been to me, that now, in her first awakening to happy love, it should be my gloomy, solitary figure which darkened the sunny picture!

"The young squire knew that I could spare you, May. Was it not plain that he was sure of that, dear, before he won your answer?"

"My answer!" she echoed, swiftly, with an entire change of tone, and even of expression, as her eyes came back from their far, rapt gaze, and flashed one frightened glance into mine. "He did not make me answer him in such haste. All men are not so impatient as you are. I—I would have answered him if he had wished it, of course. Why not? It is but natural, as you say, that I should be very glad to take my mother's place. It—it was a silly whim of mine to wish to speak to—you first."

"Then tell me, May," I said, quite coolly to all seeming, for I saw how, in her compassion, she had wished to break this to me as gently as possible, and I could not bear her bravery to be so much greater than my own, "when Mr. Fortescue is to come for his answer."

"To-morrow, John."

To-morrow! Only one night to pass, one sleepless night, and I should know, beyond all doubt, how soon my darling was to leave me.

"To-morrow, dear?" I repeated, almost cheerily, for she was not looking now up into my troubled face. "That is well. But even to-night I fancy he knows pretty well what your answer is to be."

"You do, of course, John. You always know what is—best for me."

"And you can trust me, dear?"

"I ought to do so, John, remembering how you made my happiness all the time I was—a child."

All the time she was a child! Yes, it was the simple truth as she had said it. I had made her happy while she was a child. Now she was a woman, and this was beyond my reach. Often as I had framed this very thought to myself, the few words from her own lips had a new pain for me to-night.

"Yes, dear, the old farm-life was enough for you all the while you were a child, but now you are ready to take your place among the ladies of the county, as your mother did. How glad the thought would have made her! I like to fancy it."

"Do you?" my child asked me, in a cold, sad way, so impossible was it to her to hear, even yet, as an ordinary speech, any one which touched her mother's name. "Do you really like to fancy it?"

And once more—but for the last time—I was a coward in my heart, and turned my face away, and could not answer. Then in the silence there swept over me all I had heard that day—of the sorrow and the humiliation that threatened my child; of the cloud that—if we did not stay it—would come between her and the sunlight for evermore; of the cruel and degrading story which might be told her soon, to poison the purity and freshness of her nature; of the life of fraud and sin which soon must overshadow her, and leave its taint upon her, unless I, who loved her, gave her up without hesitation and delay to the man she loved. And so well I loved her that, after those few moments of silence, I was strong to do it.

"May, darling, do you trust me that what my heart is set upon is for your good?"

"Yes, John," she answered, simply, but so earnestly.

"Then, dear one, it seems best to me, as well as to Ernest Fortescue, that you should—should go and live in your mother's old home."

"You wish me to go?"

"Yes."

I did not try to make that answer longer. I only tried to say it as steadily and clearly as I could.

"Then I will go."

"What, May? What, my dearest?"

I could not help that eager questioning. It was not because I had not heard her answer, though it had been spoken so low, and with her head turned from me. It was only because, even now at the last, I fought feebly against the certainty that my house was to be left to me so desolate.

Slowly she raised her head and met my eyes. Some look in them—perhaps a shade of their old loneliness stealing back—filled hers with pity; and for that moment our gaze was steadfast and

sad—mine with a yearning tenderness, hers with a yearning compassion.

"As you wish it," she said then, very quietly; "and, as he asks me, I will go. He need not have waited for to-morrow. It is all smooth for him and—for me. I make the promise now—and here. I will go."

I read the great truthfulness within her eyes, and even in that moment of my own despair I drew her closely to my side and thanked her. I knew then how faithfully my child would keep this promise, just as I know now how faithfully she kept it.

MARY CECIL HAY.

(To be continued.)

PAY AS YOU GO.

MY motto is, Pay as you go, and keep from small scores. Short reckonings are soon cleared. Pay what you owe, and what you're worth you'll know. Let the clock tick, but no "tick" for me. Better go to bed without your supper than get up in debt. Sins and debt are always more than we think them to be. Little by little a man gets over his head and ears. It is the petty expenses that empty the purse. Money is round, and rolls away easily. Tom Thriftless buys what he does not want because it is a great bargain, and so is soon brought to sell what he does want, and finds it a very little bargain; he cannot say "No" to his friend who wants him to be security; he gives grand dinners, makes many holidays, keeps a fat table, lets his wife dress fine, never looks after his servants, and by and by he is quite surprised to find the quarter-days come round so very fast, and that his creditors bark so loud. He has sowed his money in the field of thoughtlessness, and now he wonders that he has to reap the harvest of poverty. Still he hopes for something to turn up to help him out of difficulty, and so muddles himself into more trouble, forgetting that hope and expectations are fools' income. Being hard up, he goes to market with empty pockets, and buys at whatever prices tradesmen like to charge him, and so he pays them double and gets deeper and deeper into the mire. This leads him to scheming, and trying little tricks and mean dodges, for it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. This is sure not to answer, for schemes are like spiders' webs, which never catch anything better than flies, and are soon swept away. As well attempt to mend your shoes with brown paper or stop a broken window with a sheet of ice, as try to patch up falling business with manœuvring and scheming. When the schemer is found out, he is like a dog in church, whom everybody kicks at, and like a barrel of powder, which nobody wants for a neighbor.—From John Ploughman's Talks.

SHADOW AND LIGHT.

LOVED mother, I'm lone and aweary to-night,
The blasts of the world have dashed cold on
my brow;

The storm has been fierce as it tossed my frail bark,
And riven and shattered it seems to be now;
Life's morning had promise so fair and so bright,
Rich purple-hued beauty begilded its sky;
And I joyed in the joy born of innocent mirth,
While no cloud in the future my trust could
desery.

Yet, ere noontide, a shadow came creeping aloft—
A murky, damp cloud, spreading mildew and
blight;

Not a storm, with mad blackness, and thunder,
and flash,

But gloom which was neither of day nor of
night;

And it hovered o'erhead, nor dispersed, nor yet
fell;

But sent its cold chill o'er my life, through my
heart,

As I sat in its shadow, walked in its gloom,
Or, under its pressure, enacted my part.

But, mother, you knew not; my lips I kept sealed,
Nor told of the pain or the burden I bore;

You thought me so happy, so blest, nor yet dreamed
Of pain that was gnawing my heart to the core.

"My dear!" your lips said, as I pillowed my head
On your breast; your hand softly smoothed my
pained brow.

Ah, mother, you knew not how kind were the
words,

Nor how sweetly, in memory, they come to me
now.

The years have sped by; your lips are now cold,
And the hand that caressed me forever is still;

But, in memory, to-night I'll pillow my head
On your breast, as before—feel your touch
sweetly thrill;

For I'm weary to-night; the lingering weight
Of the shadow of years, a nightmare seems
grown;

Its pressure, its burden, are stifling my breath—
The All-wise alone knows my heart's inward
moan.

And, besides, a dark cloud swept up from the west
Of my life, where golden-hued beauty late came,
And it lingered and tarried with muttering breath;

I shrank in chill dread of its shadow and rain.
The shadow it spread was a dark, blighting pall;

The shower it poured seemed the drops of my
life;

The wail of the tempest, the moan of its blast,
Seemed demons of evil engaging in strife.

And quick from its centre it threw a bright flash,
A keen-pointed arrow which entered my soul;
All bleeding and quiv'ring, I fell in mute grief,
The arrow had punctured e'en life's "golden
bowl;"

And I seemed to hear evil ones triumphant cry:
"At last we've despoiled our opposer of power,
And she who has lifted her voice 'gainst our
craft
Will be crippled and silent, we trust, from this
hour."

But, mother, just then came the touch of a Hand—
A Hand yet more gentle, more loving than
thine—

It lifted me up, stayed the ebbing of life;
A voice softly tender said: "Child, thou art
mine."

It told me so kindly of work to be done—
Of work that I cannot tell even to you;
And from touch and from voice came back to me
life,

Whence with hope and with trust my heart beat
anew

"Look up!" the voice said; and there, spanning
the cloud,

Where shadow and blackness a dark background
seemed,

My eye saw a rainbow of promise most rich—
Rose-color, and amber, and purple it beamed;
And a halo of brightness was gilding my sky,
Which glowed but the brighter against the dark
cloud.

Sudden promise of good seems richer by far
To the soul that sorrow and grief have just
bowed.

The droppings of rain, which seemed drops of my
life,

A harvest of good promise yet in the field,
Where the plowshare of truth turns deep furrows
the while,

That the gold-eared grain may not fail in its
yield.

But, mother, a dark hand I'm sure spread these
clouds,

The one that cast shade o'er the morn of my
life,

And this black one that sent a keen-pointed
shaft,

And with spirits of sadness seems still to be
rife.

I see promise of good; my trust takes fresh hold;
Ah, e'en while I talk to you, morn breaks
anew!

The sunbeams of hope gild the sky of my soul!
This rain on my pathway sweet blossoms shall
strew;

Fair flow'rs which shall fade not with earth's fleet-
ing breath,
Be robbed of their fragrance by cold, chilling
blast;

But bloom on eternal, by waters of life,
The portals of death my freed soul having
passed.

You smile while I talk—draw me close to your
heart—

I feel your soft touch on my brow, on my cheek,
And, in memory, to-night I pillow my head,
And look in your mother-eyes, Christ-like and
meek.

As I sit here with you in the gloaming of years,
And tell of the shadow, the storm, and the hope,
My spirit is strengthened fresh courage to take,
To trust in His might who with darkness can
cope;

Who can gild blackest cloud with purple and
gold,

From the furnace bring treasure refined of its
dross;

Who can speak to the tempest, say, "Peace, be
still,"

New life can evolve from the thorns and the
cross.

So, though weary to-night with the shadow of
years,

Though my tempest-tossed bark seems shattered
and riven,

With your hand on my cheek, my head on your
breast,

Bright sun-rays burst through from the portals
of Heaven;

And trace on my pathway, in bright threads of
gold,

Inwoven in lace-work of light and of love:

"Walk this way, tread this path, falter not,
press on,

It will lead you from earth to the haven above."

These sun-rays gild all with a lustre so rich,

Dark night shines resplendent at their won-
drous fall;

As in blackness and darkness the diamonds flash
light,

As the stars stud dark heavens, bright gems
stud this pall.

A crown-created glory rests now on the cloud,

For girdle a rainbow encircles its zone,

A star-studded mantle is thrown o'er that pall,
Thanksgiving has taken the place of its moan.

So, mother, though weary, I rest in your arms,

My head I've found pillowed on Infinite Breast;

Though loving and tender your look and caress,

That soft Hand, that kind Voice, have brought
to me rest. MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

BAY-WINDOWS.

CHAPTER VI.

"A DREADFUL thing has happened to poor Grayson!" said Mr. Hopewell next morning, as he encountered Mr. Hendrickson on the street.

Mr. Hopewell was the kind-hearted brother in the church who had confused Mr. Hendrickson's mind as to his duty, and led him to give Grayson a house instead of making improvements on his own.

"What?" asked Mr. Hendrickson, hardness instead of pity coming into his face.

"He has lost his right hand."

"How did that happen?"

Mr. Hopewell was surprised at the entire lack of sympathy in Mr. Hendrickson's manner.

"It was shot off. He was out gunning yesterday."

"Served him right; that's all I have to say about it. What business had he to be out gunning?"

"There was no crime in that, as I can see," returned Mr. Hopewell. "The poor need a little recreation sometimes as well as the rich."

"The poor need to be honest as well as the rich."

"I can't see what that has to do with Grayson's misfortune."

"I do, then; but I'm in a hurry. Good-morning!"

Mr. Hendrickson was more disturbed by this communication than he cared to let be seen. As for good Mr. Hopewell, he was shocked by the utter indifference of his rich brother in the church. Was this Christian charity? Not so in his view. It savored more of the selfish heartlessness of the priest and the Levite, than of the pitying kindness of the Good Samaritan. And then it was so unlike Mr. Hendrickson. What had come over him! He was still more surprised and shocked a few weeks afterward on learning that Mr. Hendrickson had commenced legal proceedings against the poor helpless mechanic, and intended selling his house for the purpose of satisfying the mortgage he held against it. Mr. Hopewell's duty was plain; he must see and admonish his brother. But he found Mr. Hendrickson in a strange state of mind—hard, unrelenting, unforgiving; at least so it appeared to him. He had been actively interesting himself for the poor man and his family in their great need, making collections of money, food and clothing; while his un pitying brother in the church was reaching out his hand and saying sternly: "Pay me that thou owest!"

Mr. Hopewell ventured upon great plainness of speech, which was not taken, as it seemed to him, in the spirit of charity with which it was given.

"I must be permitted to do in this thing what

my own judgment dictates," was the cold response with which he silenced his admonisher.

There was a great deal of hard talk about Mr. Hendrickson when it became generally known that he was pushing poor Grayson to extremity in the hour of his misfortune and helplessness. Some of the kind-hearted people who had become interested in the case, ventured to expostulate with him; but nothing they said could turn him from his purpose.

As for Grayson, he was dreadfully cast down. Everything looked dark and threatening. The surgeon had been successful in saving his hand; but the loss of a thumb and forefinger so disabled him, that his ability to work at his trade was gone. Mr. Lyon, in whose employment he had been for so many years, made a place for him in the shop as soon as the hand was healed sufficiently to be of any use; but Grayson's ability to do skilled work being gone, the service he was now able to render brought him only from seven to eight dollars a week instead of fifteen; and this was barely sufficient to keep back the wolf of hunger from his door. So long as he was unable to do anything, sympathizing friends and neighbors sent in food and made up contributions; but as soon as it was known that he had gone to work again, help ceased, and he was left to get along as best he could.

As we have said, the poor man was dreadfully cast down. The cunning of his right hand was gone—the skill acquired through years of no avail now. A strong boy might give to Mr. Lyon all the service he was able to render, and he had that bitter sense of humiliation which every truly independent mind feels when conscious of toleration and favor. The evening class, which had been growing smaller and smaller, until sometimes only two or three scholars presented themselves, closed with the accident, none of the young men whom he had been instructing coming afterward. This rendered his condition still more desperate; and to make it worse, Mr. Hendrickson, after getting judgment on his two notes, proceeded to sell his house by sheriff's sale, bidding it in himself, and then directing his agent to serve a notice on Grayson to move before the first of the ensuing month.

"Don't go," said one indignant neighbor.

"Wait until he puts you out," said another.

"He won't dare do it," said a third.

But Peter Grayson, instead of acting on this kind of advice, began at once to seek another home for his family. No matter what hard things were said against Mr. Hendrickson, he was never heard to utter a word of censure or complaint; but rather excused him, sometimes saying: "He has a right to do with his own as he pleases; and if there's any one to blame it's myself. He gave me a good chance, and I wasn't man enough to make the best of it."

Not far away from where Peter lived stood a small house, which had for some time been tenantless. It was not so large nor so convenient as the one he now occupied, but the rent was only five dollars a month. On applying to the owner, whose name was Martin Boyle, he was told that he must give security for the rent.

"I'm sorry," said the poor man, "but I can't ask any one to go my security."

"Then you can't have the house," was the answer, made in a rough, ill-natured way; and Peter went home disappointed and in great trouble of mind, for he knew of no other vacant house in the town that would suit him.

In the evening, as he sat, gloomy and silent, brooding over his affairs, and seeing no light, while his anxious, almost despairing wife, half-blind with the tears she could not keep back from her eyes, was trying but in vain to make even stitches in the work she had taken from a neighbor in the hope of earning a trifle of money, there came a knock at his door. The visitor was a young man from Mr. Lyon's shop.

"Oh; it's you, Wilson! Good-evening," said Peter, trying to speak in a cheerful voice.

"Good-evening. Good-evening, Mrs. Grayson."

The young man saw the tears on Katy's cheeks, and turned his eyes from her face, saying to Peter as he did so: "I've come to have a talk with you about the night-school. It went all down; but I think it might be set going again; that is, if you are agreeable. I've been speaking with several in the shop. There are five of us ready to begin at once; and we'll all do our best to get others to come."

Mrs. Grayson's heart was too full to bear anything more, whether of good or ill. As the young man ceased speaking, she broke into a fit of sobbing.

"There, there, Katy child! Don't give way so!" her husband said, with much feeling, as he laid his hand upon his wife. "It will all come out right. The darkest hour, you know, is just before the break of day. If I can only get a chance, I'll pull through; and maybe the chance is coming." Then turning to his shop-mate: "Of course I'm agreeable. You couldn't do me a greater service than to help get up the school again. I didn't have as much heart in it toward the last as I should have had, and I'm to blame that it ran down so. But I'll do my best for you all, this time. The trouble I'm in now is about a house. We've got to move from here on the first, and so far I can't find another place."

A second rap at the door. This time a note was handed in. It came from the man who had refused to let Grayson have the house without security, and read:

"I've changed my mind about the security.

You can have the house. Call round in the morning and get the keys."

It seemed to both Peter Grayson and his wife as if the light of the room had suddenly increased, and as if heavy burdens had fallen from their shoulders.

"Well, I declare! Old Martin Boyle! Is the world coming to an end?" said Wilson, the fellow-workman, when it was explained to him that only a few hours before Boyle had refused, with a rudeness of manner that was half-insulting, to let Grayson have the house unless he gave security for the rent.

"There's something behind it all," added the young man. "Does the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin? I don't like the thought of seeing you in the power of that old skin-flint. There'll be no mercy if he once gets you foul. He cleaned poor Berman out a year ago."

"I know he did. But I must see to it that he doesn't get me foul. The rent will be a dollar and a quarter a week, and I'll put that much by from my wages, come what may."

"Or, safer still," suggested Wilson, "pay the rent weekly, and then you can snap your fingers in his hard old face."

"Just the right talk. Thank you! I'll do it. Nothing like keeping on the safe side. If I had always done that, I wouldn't be as foul as I am now."

"Can't trust anybody in this world—saint or sinner. Hendrickson's a saint and Boyle's a sinner; but get a man foul, and there isn't the toss of a copper between them. You know all about that."

"I have nothing to say against Mr. Hendrickson," replied Grayson. "He meant to do me a service."

"Humph! He's taking a strange way to show it. First pretending to give a man a house; then wheedling him into buying it; and then, when through a disabling accident he cannot earn the money with which to make payments, selling him out by the sheriff and turning him into the street! I don't wonder that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man—at least one of Hendrickson's stamp—to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. I'll give Martin Boyle an even chance with him. Both are likely to turn up in the same place; and I shouldn't be surprised if they found it warmer than was altogether agreeable."

Grayson was about replying when there was heard another knock at the door. This time a short, florid, stout little woman came in, and announced herself as Mrs. Boyle. She was particularly gracious—with a coarse, good-natured freedom in her manner.

"My husband sent word a little while ago that

you could have the house on Elm Street, and he wished me to come round and talk with you. The fact is, we women know more about some things than men do; and besides, to tell the truth, it's my house, and the rent's to be paid to me; not to him, remember that. You've got a landlady and not a landlord. But you needn't think you can go back on me, for I'll be as sharp as a trap if things aren't square."

And Mrs. Boyle gave a merry little laugh. Surprise kept her auditors silent.

"There'll have to be some fixing up to the house; them Connors abused it shamefully—actually burned up one of the doors; and let the children riot about and cut and slash things as though the nice little cottage it was when they moved in was nothing but an old barn. Isn't it awful how destructive some people are with what doesn't belong to them? Well, as I was saying, there'll have to be some fixing up, and if Mrs. Grayson will come round to our house in the morning, we'll go there together and see what's to be done. We women know about these things a great deal better than men. What a nice, large cook-stove that is?"

Mrs. Boyle had caught sight of the stove through the door that opened into the kitchen, and rising as she closed the last sentence went in to examine it, Mrs. Grayson following.

"That's an elegant stove; but, bless me! you'll find it a world too big for your new kitchen; and then there's a kind of half stove and half range built into the fireplace that will do all the cooking you'll ever want. The grate's fallen down, and them wretches broke off one of the doors; but I'll have all that fixed right; and then it won't burn half the coal this great ark of a thing takes. What will you do with it? That's easily settled. How much did it cost?"

"We paid forty dollars for the stove when it was new; and it's just as good as it was the day we bought it."

"I shouldn't wonder if it was, Mrs. Grayson. I see you are a careful woman—not one of the dashers and slashers."

And Mrs. Boyle began a careful examination of the stove. After satisfying herself that Mrs. Grayson's account of its condition was all right, she drew herself up, and said, with the gracious self-importance of one who felt that she was doing a handsome thing: "What's to be done with this? That can be settled in a word. I've been saying for the last six months that I must have a new stove; and only last week was looking at one just like this. Now, all you've got to do is to say the word, and your rent's paid for six months ahead."

"You don't mean it, Mrs. Boyle!" There was a trembling eagerness in Mrs. Grayson's voice.

"I don't mean anything else. If it's agreeable to you, I'll take the stove for thirty dollars and

let it stand as so much paid on the rent. Say the word, and it's a bargain."

The word was said and the bargain closed; but as it was said, Mrs. Grayson was compelled to sit down, she felt so weak all at once, and was seized with such a trembling all over her.

Before leaving, Mrs. Boyle had something to say about the sewing-machine.

"It's strange," she remarked, "but I never could get the hang of 'em. Some people can run 'em right off; but they're always breaking threads with me, and getting so many hitches and kinks that I find 'em more bother than they're worth. Let me see how well you can do it!"

Mrs. Grayson sat down, and with a few swift revolutions of her machine, and dexterous handling of her work, showed herself to be a skillful operator.

"Well, I declare! Now wouldn't I give a pretty penny if I could make the thing do like that! But I can't. Nothing but hitches, and kinks, and breaks all the time. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good; and maybe it's just as well. If I could handle the thing as you do, I'd never give out a stitch of work; for, you see, I haven't a lazy bone in my whole body, and would do all my own sewing just for the love of it. I'm one of the kind that's never idle, you see. If I hadn't something to do, I'd get blue moldy in less than a fortnight."

Mrs. Grayson had stopped the machine and was facing round in her chair, a half-expectant look in her face. What next? was the thought forming in her mind.

"Do you take in sewing?"

Mrs. Grayson shook her head.

"Why?"

"It doesn't do for me to sit at the machine long. It hurts me."

"That's unfortunate."

"Yes, I know it is."

"How long at a time can you work?"

"An hour or so, once or twice a day."

"A mighty deal of sewing can be run off on one of them things in an hour, the way you make it whizz."

"Yes, when there isn't great deal of fixing and bothering over little things."

"Now just see here, Mrs. Grayson, when you get round in the other house and all settled—it's close to us, you know—couldn't you whizz up long seams for me when I wanted it done, if I'd run in with the work all ready to your hand. It would be such a help; and of course I'd make it all right."

"Why yes, Mrs. Boyle; of course I could do it, if it was only to oblige you."

"We won't have any obligation about it, Mrs. Grayson. That isn't my way. I'm not the woman to grind the face of the poor or get their work for

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nothing. All must be done fair and square. It shall be so much an hour for the time you're on my work. You and I can fix the price. We'll have a little book and set it down, and when it comes to something worth talking about, we'll have a settlement. Little dribs of money never do people any good; it all goes frittering away, and there's nothing to show for it."

CHAPTER VII.

THE Graysons were happy that night. Day had broken suddenly on their darkest hour. What a haven of refuge to their imaginations seemed the little house—smaller, less comfortable and poorer in every way than the one they were going to leave! It was like making a new beginning in life. They were about exchanging the burden of a hopeless debt for self-support and independence. No man now had any claim upon them; no man had the right to say why do ye this or that? Peter Grayson could hold up his head again, and not fear to have any man's shadow thrown across his path. He could think of Mr. Hendrickson without a depressing sense of obligation; or that dread of meeting him which had for so long a time haunted him like a spectre.

But this feeling of relief and hope was not to be of long continuance. On the following day, on returning from his work at dinner-time, Grayson found himself confronted with Mr. Hendrickson's agent. The man looked hard and cold.

"How early are you going to get away from here?" he demanded.

"In two or three days—as soon as the house I have taken is ready," replied Peter, beginning to feel a vague uneasiness, for the man had a strange way of looking about the room.

"You've rented Michael Boyle's house?"

"Yes."

"Humph! Yes. I know the place. Got a range in the kitchen."

"Something of the kind, I believe," answered Peter, with a kind of choking in his throat.

"Then you'll not want that great cook-stove. It ought to sell for twenty-five or thirty dollars, and will go so far toward paying off the balance of your debt to Mr. Hendrickson."

Mrs. Grayson, on hearing this, threw her apron over her face and began crying aloud. The agent looked annoyed and worried, but maintained a firm bearing.

"I have no discretion in this matter," he said. "I am only an agent, acting under instructions. You will have no use for the stove, and as it was bought with money which should rightfully have been paid to Mr. Hendrickson, you can have no just cause of complaint against him."

Poor Grayson bowed his head and kept silence.

The agent's eyes were wandering about the room, and now rested on the sewing-machine.

"You paid sixty dollars for that machine?"

No answer.

"Out of money that belonged to Mr. Hendrickson."

Mrs. Grayson's sobs grew louder. Peter sat silent and dismayed. If the cooking-stove and sewing-machine were taken, what hope was there? Grayson felt like giving up in despair.

"You must leave the sewing-machine also," said the agent.

A groan came from Grayson's lips.

"We'll not do it!" cried Mrs. Grayson, as she jerked the apron from her tearful face, out of which red flushes were driving the pallor. "Mr. Hendrickson ought to be ashamed of himself! He a rich man, and we almost hungry for bread! He sha'n't have the sewing-machine! I'll break it in pieces first!"

"O Katy! Katy! Don't talk so!" remonstrated Peter. "It won't do any good. If Mr. Hendrickson wants to take the machine, let him have it. It was bought with his money; there's no denying that."

"I don't care whose money bought it," answered the wife. "It's my machine now, and he's not going to have it."

"You'd better be careful what you say." The agent spoke in a warning voice.

"And Mr. Hendrickson had better be careful what he does! There is such a thing as going too far."

"O Katy, Katy! Won't you stop?" said Peter, looking anxious and distressed. "You'll only make things worse; and they're bad enough now, Heaven knows!"

"You'd better see Mr. Hendrickson yourself. I have no discretion in this matter. My orders are to see that the cooking-stove and sewing-machine are not taken out of this house, and I shall obey them to the letter."

"No," replied Grayson, "I shall not see him. As you say, the things were bought with his money, and I am not going to turn over my hand to prevent his taking them. I'm an honest man, if I am poor, and crippled, and all knocked to pieces. And I don't mean to harbor any grudge against Mr. Hendrickson. He tried to do me a good turn, but I didn't know how to take it. It's all my own fault that we're in this trouble; I'm free to say that. And if it wasn't for this poor shattered hand, I'd soon work myself out, and say thankee to no man."

When the agent rehearsed this scene to Mr. Hendrickson, that gentleman kept silent for a little while, his face so turned that its expression could not be observed.

"It's a hard case, and no mistake," said the agent. "The man's honest at heart."

"Pretty is that pretty does; and honest is that honest does," rejoined Mr. Hendrickson, still keeping his face so turned away as to hide its aspect.

"You mean, then, that the sewing-machine and cooking-stove are not to be taken from the house?"

"That is just what I mean."

"Very well. It shall be as you say."

The agent paused, waiting for anything farther Mr. Hendrickson might have to remark on the subject. The silence was continued so long that it grew oppressive. The agent broke it by saying: "I'm a little afraid of Grayson's wife. She seems to be a hot-tempered thing. As I told you, she threatened to break the machine all to pieces rather than let you have it."

"Her hot temper will find time to cool. People who threaten to break things when they can't have their own way, are not apt to put their threats into execution."

The agent retired. For a considerable time after he left, Mr. Hendrickson sat so deeply absorbed in thought that he took no note of anything passing around him. The library door had been opened and shut without his observation; and he was not aware of the entrance of any person until his name was spoken. With a start he looked up. A pale, agitated little woman, poorly clad, stood before him.

"Well, what is it?" He spoke in a surprised voice, and with some disturbance of manner.

"I'm Mrs. Grayson," said the visitor. She trembled as she spoke. Her tones were thin and quivering.

"Oh! You are!" Mr. Hendrickson's countenance changed quickly, and his voice grew cold—almost stern. "And what has brought you here?"

Mrs. Grayson began crying.

"If only you won't take my sewing-machine, sir!" she sobbed out. "Mrs. Boyle is going to give me work to do on it, and that will help us with the rent."

"Why didn't you let it help you with the rent before?" demanded Mr. Hendrickson, without a shade of pity in his voice.

"I did try, sir. But running the machine gave me such a pain in the side."

"And will the pain be any the less now, I wonder?"

"Our needs are greater, sir," pleaded the woman.

"That is, you know that Martin Boyle won't let you up on the rent, and you felt very sure that I would, and so took advantage of my leniency."

Mrs. Grayson was still standing. The whiteness had gone out of her face; two fiery sparks burned suddenly in her eyes. All her features began to quiver with repressed excitement.

"You'd better go home, ma'am, and tell your

husband to come and see me, if there's anything to be said. I can't talk with you." Mr. Hendrickson spoke in a voice of icy coldness.

It was like a spark to powder. The little woman was all a-blaze.

"If you can't talk to me," she exclaimed, pitching her voice to a key that cut into his ears almost like a knifethrust, "I can talk to you, sir! And I'm going to do it!"

Mr. Hendrickson squared himself round, and shrunk a little back in his chair, as one who braces himself to meet a shock.

Just at this critical moment a third person came upon the scene. It was Peter Grayson. He had caught his wife's last words.

"O Katy! Katy!" he cried, in a rebuking voice. "Didn't I tell you not to do this? Let Mr. Hendrickson have his own. He's a right to claim that. God will take care of us. Come away! Come!"

But Katy's excited feelings were beyond control. "Whose God? His God?" she cried out, stretching her hand toward Mr. Hendrickson, who sat perfectly calm, but with a strange, stony look in his face.

"Let her talk it out, Peter. It will do her good," said Mr. Hendrickson.

Did he speak soberly, or in heartless derision? Peter could not tell. But against his unruffled calmness, Mrs. Grayson's excitement broke like some turbulent wave on a rocky shore. The outstretched hand fell to her side; the wild passion went out of her eyes; her lips failed in speech. Peter Grayson saw the change, and placing his hand upon her, said, "Come, Katy," and drew her out of the room.

There was a sorrowful tenderness in Peter Grayson's voice that could hardly have failed to impress Mr. Hendrickson.

For several moments after he was alone, the rich man sat in expectation of seeing Grayson return. But Peter had no plea for mercy or consideration to urge. Mr. Hendrickson had given him a chance, and he had not only failed to make good the opportunity which had been freely laid at his door, but so neglected that opportunity as to bring loss upon his benefactor. This was his view of the case; and his native honesty and independence of character prevented him from taking any other. He was ashamed of the part he had played, and oppressed with a sense of humiliation whenever he thought of the way in which he had abused Mr. Hendrickson's generous efforts to help him along in the world.

As Peter and his wife went out, Mr. Hendrickson shrank down in his chair, and again sat very still, his countenance grave and troubled. Whatever the motive from which he was acting, he did not feel at ease in his mind.

On reaching home, Grayson found Mrs. Boyle

in the kitchen engaged in studying up the cooking-stove, which she already regarded as her own. Not light was her indignation nor choice her language, when Mrs. Grayson told her, with tears streaming down her face, that Mr. Hendrickson had given them notice not to remove either the stove or the sewing-machine.

After giving her opinion of Mr. Hendrickson and his conduct, she ended by saying: "I'll go and give him a piece of my mind, I will, and have that much satisfaction, if I get no more. It's the pound of flesh he'll have! But he sha'n't get it without knowing what one honest woman thinks of him."

She started toward the door in the heat of her indignation; but Grayson interposed, saying, in a tone of strong remonstrance: "No! no! no, Mrs. Boyle! Let him do with his own as he pleases. The things were bought with money that of right belonged to him."

"I don't care. He sha'n't have them—at least not without getting a piece of my mind to keep them company. What are you going to do, I should like to know? How are you going to pay the rent?"

"I'll make it up somehow, Mrs. Boyle. You needn't fear for that. I'm earning eight dollars regularly, and am going to begin the night-school again as soon as we get moved. I have six scholars engaged already, and they've promised to pay every week. That will more than give us the rent; and you shall have the money weekly instead of monthly."

"Eight dollars a week, with five mouths to fill and five backs to clothe! And he as rich as a Jew, spending his money on bay-windows, and building a stable for his horses that looks like a palace along-side of poor men's houses! He shall know one woman's mind, he shall! Take your sewing-machine! I'd like to see him do it!"

Say what he would, Grayson was unable to make any impression on Mrs. Boyle. She went off strung to this high key, declaring that she would at least have the satisfaction of letting Mr. Hendrickson know her opinion of his conduct, whether any good came of it or not.

They saw no more of Mrs. Boyle until evening. She came in after supper in her breezy way, stirring the dull atmosphere of their home, and giving life to its oppressive calm.

"Well, my dear!" she said, looking at Mrs. Grayson as she came bustling in, "I've seen the great mogul and had it out with him! He wouldn't give up the stove. Said you'd have no use for it, and that it belonged of right to him. It's different about the sewing-machine. I told him that I could give or get you enough work on it to pay the rent; and he said, if that was the case, you might take the machine and have the use of it for awhile; but that it must be clearly

understood, that it belonged to him, and that he would have the right to take it whenever he pleased. It was the best I could do for you. He wouldn't budge an inch; and so I had to give in. The stove he said I could have for thirty dollars; and seeing that you were to get no good of it one way or another, I agreed to buy it. And now, all I've got to say is, take heart and do your best. Things are never so bad that they mightn't be worse. There isn't going to be any trouble about the rent. I'll see that the sewing-machine takes care of that. So, you can just snap your fingers in Mr. Hendrickson's face, and be as independent as you please."

In a few days Grayson and his wife were settled in their new home. The removal did not cost them anything. Three or four of Grayson's shop-mates, who knew how poor he was and how hard he found it to get bread for his family, came round one evening with a wagon and moved everything from one house to the other, making a kind of frolic of the work.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE had been no time during the past two years in which Peter Grayson did not have an uneasy sense of drifting—a feeling as if he were getting farther and farther away from the shore and into troubled waters that might at any moment close over him. From the hour he was fairly settled in his new home, that impression was lost; and in its place came a feeling of safety. He felt the pull of the anchor and saw his boat head round to the shore. New strength seemed to come into his arms, and new hope and confidence into his heart.

"It's all going to come out right, Katy," he said to his wife, as they drew together in their little house, each feeling a sense of security to which they had long been strangers. "Somehow, this seems more like our own than the other one ever did. I'm only sorry that you must work to pay the rent. You're not strong enough to run that machine."

"I'm never to use it for Mrs. Boyle more than an hour at a time. And I'm to have twenty-five cents an hour. One hour a day will pay the rent. So, you see, we'll have all that off of our minds. You don't know, Peter, how I used to feel, when I saw month after month go by, and little or nothing laid up for the note that was coming due at the end of the year. I knew that it couldn't last, and that we'd fall into some dreadful trouble. I wish Mr. Hendrickson had let us alone."

"He meant well, no doubt, Katy."

"I don't know whether he did or not," Mrs. Grayson answered, speaking a little sharply.

"I am sure he did," replied her husband. "But, you see, I didn't do right about it; and some men grow very hard and unforgiving if their kindness is abused."

"I don't think there's any excuse for him, Peter. It's downright oppression the way he's acted; and you with your hand all crippled up so that it's hardly any good! You can't make me believe that his heart isn't as hard as stone."

"Maybe you'll think differently about it one of these days, Katy," returned Grayson.

"There's nothing to think different about. He's so rich that he doesn't know what to do with his money, and we're just living from hand to mouth. And what does he do? Why, seize my cooking-stove and sewing-machine!"

"But he's left you the sewing-machine."

"Not from any good-will. Not because he considered the poor. If Mrs. Boyle hadn't made him ashamed of himself, the sewing-machine would have gone with the stove. No thanks to any kindness in his heart!"

"For the favor received from him, Katy, let us be thankful. We have no right to claim anything. As it is, both of us feel more contented and hopeful to-night than we ever felt in the house Mr. Hendrickson was so foolish as to give us. He made a mistake. I've felt that hundreds of times; and feel it more than ever now."

"So do I, Peter. There's been nothing but trouble ever since we went into that house; and we're a great deal worse off now than we were then, to say nothing of your crippled hand. And that—"

But Mrs. Grayson kept back the words that were coming to her lips. She was too considerate of her husband to speak of his lapse from industry, if not sobriety, as a consequence of Mr. Hendrickson's gift.

"Would never have happened if I'd been at work instead of idling my time with Sam Wilkins," said Peter, completing the sentence in his own way. "And if it hadn't been for the house, I'd never have gone off into such idle ways. Oh, dear! To think that I could become such a weak fool!"

"Maybe I was just as bad, Peter. I don't know what came over me. I wanted this and I wanted that. From the time I went into the house, I was always wanting something. I never worked harder in my life; and now what is there to show for it?"

"Not much that of right we can call our own," answered the husband. "There's some better furniture, but whose money paid for it? Not mine. I can't forget that, Katy. And if ever I get ahead I'm going to make it all straight with Mr. Hendrickson. Right is right."

"It was his fault that we got into trouble," said Mrs. Grayson, still trying to hold her ill-will for the man who had laid such a ruthless grasp on her household treasures; "and I don't see that we should be left to bear all the evil consequences."

"Mr. Hendrickson was kind and generous, and

we were thoughtless and extravagant. That's the whole story. It will do us no harm to look the truth squarely in the face. Some people can't bear prosperity; and I shouldn't wonder if we belonged to that class. I'm afraid, at least, that I do. Just see how I let my evening-school go down. I'm angry with myself whenever I think of it. If I'd had the heart in it I feel now; if I'd taken the trouble to make the school useful and interesting that I'm going to take now, it would have increased instead of dying out. And then I got to losing an afternoon almost every week, and—and—doing worse, sometimes."

There was a falling inflexion in Peter's voice, and a tone that betrayed humiliation of spirit.

"Well, well," he went on, after a few moments, his manner subdued, but more cheerful; "I've had my lesson, and I'm going to profit by it. If it wasn't for this poor hand, I wouldn't care so much; but where there's a will there's a way, you know, and it won't be my fault if I don't pull through and get on my feet again, fair and square."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Grayson, "what you are going to do about the school. There's only this little room and the kitchen; and you can't get in more than half a dozen."

"If the school grows I can rent a room somewhere."

Katy shook her head.

"The rent would be so much lost."

"Yes, I know. But four or five scholars would make it up. I believe, that by going around and hunting after young men who idle their time in the evenings, too many of them in bar-rooms, I could get up a school of twenty or more. And think what a good thing that would be for the young men, to say nothing of what I could earn."

"We might get in ten or twelve here, if I gave up the kitchen," said the wife, to whom the idea of paying for another room had a discouraging look. "It would be a dead expense whether the school prospered or not."

"True. I only spoke of it. Little boats keep near the shore. It will be time enough to talk of another room when the school grows too large for these. To-morrow night we begin."

When to-morrow night came, as many as twelve lads and young men presented themselves, and Grayson found it as much as he could do to get chairs and comfortable places for them in the two little rooms on his first floor. It was a surprise to him that so many came. Five of the lads who presented themselves were from among the poorest families in town, yet each of them came with the money in his hand to pay in advance for a week's instruction. Peter wondered and took heart. So large a proportion of lads, apprentices in shops, had never been in his school before. He was glad to see them, for he knew that he could do them

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good; and was particular to say pleasant and encouraging things.

On the next day, while Peter Grayson sat at work, turning over and over in his mind the question of renting a room for his school, which had opened with so large a number of scholars that he could not make them comfortable in his little house—yet not seeing the way clear—Mr. Lyon came and stood beside him.

"I hear," he said, "that you opened your school again last night, and that you had a larger class than ever attended before."

"Yes, sir. That is so. Our two little rooms down-stairs were full. My wife had to give up the kitchen."

"You had more boys than usual, I am told?"

"Yes. Nearly half were lads of from twelve to sixteen."

"That's good. The more of these the better."

"It's the room that's troubling me now, Mr. Lyon. My house isn't large enough; and if I were to rent a room it would take off so much. There'd have to be more scholars; and I'm afraid it wouldn't come out right, and I'd get myself into trouble."

"Safe and sure, Peter; that's your best way."

"I know it. I've had trouble enough and I don't wish to get into any more."

"I think it can be all managed, Peter. I was talking with a gentleman to-day about you and your school. He had heard of the opening last night from one of the young men who was there, and seemed very much interested. He says that there is a room in the town building that will hold thirty or forty, and that he has no doubt it can be had without any charge for rent or lighting. I asked him if he wouldn't see about it; and he said that he certainly would. He's got influence, and can put the thing through if he sets his mind on it."

"Oh, if he only would!" Grayson ejaculated, the warm color coming into his face.

"How many do you think you could teach?"

"In my way, all that chose to come."

"What is your way?"

"I give them sums in arithmetic; and teach them as best I can, my hand being crippled, how to write; and then I read for a part of the time out of some instructive or interesting book. Maybe there's a better way, and if there is I'd like to know it. The writing part is difficult, for only two or three at a time can sit at my small table; and then most of them have to hold their slates in their laps when they do sums. It isn't as easy getting along as if there were desk and benches."

"No, I should think not. I'll have another talk with the gentleman of whom I spoke, and see what can be done about a room in the Town Hall."

"Oh, I wish you would do so, Mr. Lyon! If I

had a good-sized room, with a long table or a few desks, I could do so much better. It would be more like a school, you see; and we'd all have more heart in it."

"You're right about that, Peter; and I'll make it my business to see the gentleman while this thing is fresh in my mind."

For a greater part of the night that followed, Peter lay awake, thinking of what Mr. Lyon had said about a room in the Town Hall—wondering, hoping and doubting. Next day, all through the morning as he sat at his work, he was restless and expectant. Mr. Lyon had promised to see the gentleman who had spoken of the room. Had he done so; or had he forgotten all about it? No opportunity to ask him how it was offered, and Grayson went home at dinner-time in a state of nervous excitement over the uncertainty in which the matter was involved. It did not take a great deal to unsettle him—whether the influences under which he came were favorable or unfavorable. Prosperity elated, and trouble depressed him. Sincerity and justice were leading elements in his character; but he lacked strength of will. So, not having patience to wait and see if anything were going to come of the Town Hall suggestion, he was needlessly worrying himself over it.

He passed Mr. Hendrickson on his way home. Since the little scene with Katy in that gentleman's library, Grayson had not met him. There was an involuntary pause, as if he wished to say something, but Mr. Hendrickson gave him only a cold nod, and passed on. Peter felt hurt and humiliated. A kind word, or even a pleasant smile, would have been grateful to his feelings.

On arriving at home, he found a note from the town clerk, requesting him to call at his office. So excited was he over this note that he could scarcely take time to eat his dinner. In ten or fifteen minutes after entering the house, he was off again, and hurrying toward the Town Hall.

"You wish to see me," he said, with an excitement of manner that he endeavored in vain to repress, speaking to a quiet old gentleman, whom he found seated at a desk in the clerk's office.

"Do I?" queried the old gentleman, looking over his spectacles at Peter, a slight twinkle in his gray eyes.

"Yes, sir. I received this," showing his letter.

"My name is Peter Grayson."

"Oh! You're Grayson! Yes, I sent you that note." And the old gentleman drew off his spectacles, and turning round from his desk, looked business. "You're the man that's keeping a night-school?"

"Yes, sir. I opened one in my house night before last."

"Just so. A good thing, if all's true that I've heard. Our young mechanics, who go idling about of evenings and getting into bad company,

need some better way of spending their time; and if you can get them together and teach them something useful and good, why, sir, you're a public benefactor, and ought to be encouraged. That's what I think about it."

As he spoke, the town clerk put his hand into one of the pigeon-holes of his desk and took out a key, rising at the same time from his chair.

"There's a room here that maybe you can use."

He spoke suggestively. "Some of us have been talking about it since we heard how cramped you were for room in your little house. You see men can't always hide their light under a bushel," and the clerk smiled pleasantly.

Peter had a strange feeling. He seemed as one lifted out of himself. His heart leaped and fluttered.

The clerk moved away, Peter Grayson following. Ascending the broad stairway to the second story, they came to a door in the south-west corner of the Hall. Entering through this, they passed into a large room, in the centre of which stood a long table covered with green cloth. Around the table were twenty or thirty chairs, and over it hung several gas-burners.

"What do you think of this?" asked the town clerk, after waiting until Grayson could take a survey of the room. "Will it answer?"

"For what?" Peter's heart seemed as if it were rising into his throat.

"For your night-school."

"And do you really mean it?" asked the bewildered man.

"Yes; that is what I mean. Do you think it will answer your purpose?"

"Answer? Of course it will!"

"All right, then, Mr. Grayson. The room is at your service. How often do you wish to use it?"

"About three nights in the week."

"To-night?"

"Yes, sir; it is one of our nights."

"Then we may consider it all settled. I'll see that the room is opened and the gas lighted. There are two or three young men round in my neighborhood who ought to be in your school, and I shall make it my business to talk to them about it."

When Peter Grayson came back in the evening, he found a pile of slates on the table, with pencils, pens, ink and copy-books. A dozen young men and boys had already made their appearance, and by the time the hour of opening the school arrived, at least twenty were in the room. How so many should know about it was a cause of wonder in the mind of Peter. The larger part of all who attended were lads.

Grayson felt a little out of place at first, and embarrassed by his new surroundings. There was a certain dignity associated with his position now which had not appertained to it before; and there

was more need of system and order. Soon after the evening's exercises began, the town clerk came in. He was well known to all, and respected both for his character and his office. He remained, quietly looking on, during the whole evening, and after the young men and lads had gone away, held a long talk with Grayson about his school and his manner of conducting it, dropping a suggestion now and then, but not saying a word that might discourage, or lead him to see how greatly he needed himself to learn before he could become a very useful teacher.

Before a month had passed, the night-school in the Town Hall numbered over thirty scholars, more than half of whom were apprentice boys; and it was noticeable that these boys were the promptest in paying their weekly tuition fee, though many of them came from among the poorest people in town. All the books needed had been supplied, but by whom Peter did not know. They came through the town clerk, who was not communicative on the subject. And besides, a library of two or three hundred volumes had been placed in the room, from which all the scholars were permitted to take books.

Gradually the town clerk made his clearer mind and larger ability to organize felt in the school; not by putting himself forward, but by helping Grayson to comprehend better methods of instruction than he would alone have been able to discover. His presence in the school—and he was almost always there—had its influence in restraining some of the more thoughtless young men and boys who attended, and so the evenings were always kept free from disorder.

From time to time, as the months wore on, new books were added to the library. Who furnished them Peter Grayson did not know, and he had ceased making inquiry of the town clerk, who showed no disposition to gratify his curiosity.

(To be continued.)

Among the many anecdotes of Sir Edwin Landseer contained in a recent biography, is one about the famous artist's amazing mastery of hand. At a large party in London the conversation turned on dexterity and facility in feats of skill with the hand. A lady remarked: "Well, there's one thing nobody has ever done, and that is to draw two things at once." "Oh, I can do that," said Landseer. "Lend me two pencils, and I will show you." The pencils were given him, a piece of paper laid on the table, and Sir Edwin drew, "simultaneously and without hesitation, with one hand the profile of a stag's head and all its antlers complete, and with the other hand the perfect profile of a horse's head." Both drawings were said to be full of life and energy, and the drawing with the left hand not inferior to the one made with the right.

HOUSEHOLD CHATS.

"HOME is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine, from the sympathetic natures which in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing." I read this aloud, and then looked up inquiringly.

"That's as true as gospel," said John. "Four walls do not make a home any more than a bleak, barren field will of itself blossom into a flower-garden. It's a pity people do not understand this better, the world is full of homeless people."

"So it is," said I; "they have only a place to eat and sleep, and are to be pitied."

Grace was just then arranging some flowers in my prettiest glass and silver-wire vase; she had nestled the lovely, white rose-buds among delicate, fragrant geranium-leaves, and stood back a little to study the effect, but turned suddenly to say: "Yes, I had a practical illustration of that yesterday at the Rodgers. Their house, you know, is grand enough, and the rooms crowded with beautiful things, but, oh, dear! there is nothing home-like about it; it always gives me a chill; the parlors have that touch-me-not look that is enough to quench all the sunshine in one's nature. What is the use of having things if we can't enjoy them, I'd like to know?"

"Well, perhaps they do have a certain kind of enjoyment in keeping show rooms and spending their time in back chambers, but it's not my idea of living," said I. "One bright, cheery room is worth dozens of the satin and gilded gew-gaw parlors that are too good to use."

"And that isn't all," added John, "it is the spirit we infuse into our homes—the atmosphere. Some people carry sunshine wherever they go, while others would cast a gloom over Paradise; all their smiles and kind words are for the outside world. From all such deliver us."

"Amen," said Grace, solemnly. "One's daily prayer should be, deliver us from a cross, fretful temper."

"A sunny heart that always sees the bright side of things, and is unselfish enough to study the comfort of others is a rare gift, and one to be coveted," I said, with a sigh, for sister Carrie came to my mind.

"So it is," responded John, absently. "Now there's Dick, I honestly pity him. In all his great house there is not one home-like room, and it's—'O Dick; see the dirt you've brought in on the carpet' and 'don't leave that newspaper on the table' and he goes about as if treading on eggs all the time, while Carrie wanders up and down

with a worn, anxious face putting things away before he is half through with them, shutting out the beautiful sunlight for fear of fading her carpet, in fact making martyrs of the whole family for the sake of having the house look like a funeral. Bah! it's sickening."

"Well!" exclaimed Grace, "I don't see what a home is for, except to take comfort in, and as for the broom and scrubbing-brush they should be invisible spirits. One doesn't care to be haunted by them?"

"If there is any one thing a man detests more than another it's a broom forever at his heels. Order and cleanliness are very necessary, but they never should tyrannize over the household, and drive out comfort. Carrie is a slave to appearances, and I told her so the other day, but as Pat would say, she rather enjoys being miserable."

"Well, if I was Dick I'd build on a room where I could take one good, long breath and sling newspapers about to my heart's content."

John was getting waked up to the subject, when Carrie verified the old adage by coming in, and seeing Grace's bouquets, remarked that "flowers make too much litter."

"O Grace is beautifying for company, and she never knows when she has enough; but then it's not a bad fault," I added.

"Oh, my house shall be a perfect bower, Aunt Carrie."

"I wish you joy in the care of it," laughed Carrie.

"Ah, that is it; if I can make it a joy by combining the beautiful with the useful, so much the better. I really think I should like to wash dishes if they were all like that china on mamma's bric-a-brac shelves."

I ventured to remark here that Grace was not a lover of housework, but was fond of having company, so I compromised the matter by having her make all the preparations, and in that way she was getting initiated.

"Not a bad idea; but then it's such a trouble to teach them, and I had rather do it all myself than have Ida fussing around."

"Yes, but how is she ever to learn?" asked John. "A little trouble now may save her a great deal by and by."

"Oh, well, I suppose she will learn sometime," sighed Carrie, as she followed Grace to the dining-room where her goodies were on exhibition.

I heard her praising her skill, and then exclaiming, over the tasteful arrangement of the room. "And now if I were you," she continued, "I'd let the family dine in the kitchen, and keep it nice."

"Oh, no, Aunt Carrie, mamma wouldn't listen to it; she believes in giving us all the benefit of the best."

"I know she does, and how on earth she

manages to keep anything nice for company is more than I know."

"Company is a secondary consideration with us, you know," Grace was saying, as they came back, and I added: "Home is for those that inhabit it."

"Yes, but I like to have perfect order," returned Carrie.

"Say, Carrie, who is your home supposed to be for, your family or the public?" asked John.

"Oh, the family do well enough. What's the use in talking. You and Dick are forever preaching that up, but he isn't at home much any way, so what difference does it make? And as for the boys, the best place for them is the back sitting-room."

"Now, I don't think so," returned John, rather decidedly. (Carrie is his sister, so he feels privileged to say what he pleases). "I tell you, Carrie, these things have very much to do with the future of those boys; and as for Dick, he used to be quite a home-body."

Carrie looked thoughtful as she rose to leave, but I doubt if John's plain talk made much impression. She is joined to her idols.

EULA LEE.

A KIND WORD.

A LITTLE incident worth remembering, occurred at the Reform School in Westboro, not long ago. A poor woman went to see her son, one of the inmates. The officers treated her courteously, and one went with her over the building, and showed her how the boys lived, worked and played. She noticed one boy, quite young, with a pale, sad face, bending over his work, chair-making. The gentleman paused a moment, and said, in a kind, encouraging tone: "That is very well done. You'll come out all right by and by."

The boy looked up, an instant change coming over his countenance, a swift flashing of hope and gratitude in his eyes and voice, as he said, eagerly: "Do you think so, sir?"

When they passed on, the visitor said: "I don't know who you are, sir, but you did a good deed just now. I believe God will bless you in it."

He smiled, and answered: "Kind words cost nothing, and they do a great deal of good."

M. J.

THE truly hospitable host sets his guest at ease by being at ease himself; he gives him the best he has without fuss, or flurry, or undue expense, always remembering that the best thing he can offer him is himself, unfretted by care, unwearied by labor, fresh and free for social converse, or sympathy, or counsel, as the case may be.

JANE PRICE;

OR, MARY ANN'S STORY.

I HAVE often said there was no better way for women to become well acquainted than to spend a night together as watchers in a sick-room where the invalid was just a little bit sick. How they can visit!

I was appointed one night by the president of our society to stay with Docksey Heywood, and the ladies of the Methodist church had appointed one of their members, Mrs. Price, to bear me company. I said to my folks: "Now, I'd rather any other woman than Jane Price had been appointed. What have we in common? She'll talk about her lots of geese and ducks, and tell how many feather beds she has, and how many pounds in each tick and pillow, and what an awful time she had pickin' o' the geese, and how the gander he bit her on the arm, and how the preacher took it into his head to make pastoral calls on that day of all days, and how Deacon Smithers came one time for dinner when there wa'n't a pie in the house, and all the curtains were in the wash, and everything topey-turvey."

'Dolphus said I might be mistaken; that I might find Sister Price to be a very agreeable woman after all; but I shook my head and doubted it.

'Dolphus was correct. I have been fast friends with Jane Price ever since that night. When I am in trouble, I go directly down the lane, across the "bottom," and thread my way along the path, among alders, and sweet flags, and tall reedy stalks of purple-blooming iron weeds, until I cross the foot-bridge and reach the neat little Gothic cottage of that woman, Jane Price. And if any of my family are sick, and I don't know what to do, and am troubled, and the way seems dark, I send one of the children over to ask Jane to come and see me.

With hearty laughter I have told her many a time what I said to 'Dolphus the evening about her, long ago—how she would talk about her feather beds, and pillows, and bolsters, and all the curtains in the wash when the preacher came. And instead of frowning or blushing in anger, the light comes into her sunny eyes, and her laugh is as ringing as a boy's laugh, and as contagious.

Women are alike the world over; still, some of them, as Granny Merriman used to say of her Zekel, are "the most alike." The touch of nature that makes us all akin is in every woman's character, however—sometimes hidden, and hidden very deep, but it is there. The generous lady, the giver of munificent gifts, whose benefactions know not the need of stinting, who rides in her tilting carriage clad in the finest and best that foreign looms afford, is kindred in her nature with the poor washerwoman, who wipes her moist brow

and sudsy arms, and takes off the drabbed apron, saying modestly and honestly: "Pay me what you think is right." The same noble motive actuates the conduct of both. A kindly integrity is the one key.

The night we watched with Docksey Heywood did not seem three hours long. I read and Jane knit. She said she took up the knitting not because she felt stingy of time, but if her fingers were busy her thoughts were even and serene, and more apt to be peaceful thoughts, than if she did this, that and t'other, sometimes letting her hands lie in her lap, or resting her chin in one palm, or locking her fingers together. It was not much that I read, for the awaying, swinging, easy motion of our rockers was so suggestive of the calm that the poet felt when he sang:

"It is enough to be, to feel
The tranquil mood of field and wood,
To know God's blessing everywhere
Hath made so much that's fair and good."

I had been reading aloud, and paused at the closing lines of an obituary notice, and said: "I wish I could think of death with some degree of pleasure, but I cannot. I shudder and draw back at the thought in spite of all I can do." And then I read aloud the beautiful closing of the obituary—the close of a lovely, and good, and excellent life:

"O empty shell! O beautiful, frail prison!
Cold, white and vacant, tenantless and dumb,
From such poor clay as this has Christ arisen;
For such as this shall life in glory come!"

Jane Price looked at me with clear, steady gaze an instant, and then said: "If we understand what death means, it does not seem dreadful. When I was young, I kept my thoughts away from death; but now I think about it every day, and it does me good. To me it is one of nature's laws. When I am making my garden I think most on this subject. The homely little dry seed that I put into the ground—a little thing that looks more like a speck of dust or an atom of dry wood than anything with life hid in it—moulders as the new life begins to move, and it comes forth with green leaves and beautiful flowers. My zinnia seeds look like feathery bits of dust, but the great change comes on slowly, and my door-yard is all aglowing with the gayest and fairest of flowers. Then I think of the cold, white, unsightly form that we bury down in the ground, and I am rejoiced when I think of the beautiful life that will come up out of the cold, vacant, dumb object that we buried out of our sight. Nature is a wise teacher. She never misconstrues, never fails to work out her problems correctly, and never proves false nor traitorous, nor does she make a promise and then leave it unfulfilled."

Now I had known this as well as Jane Price knew it. I had heard my pastor speak of our being planted in the likeness of Christ, and of our rising in His likeness, and of our immortal lives; but the clear understanding of it, as this practical, industrious farmer's wife saw it, never had come to me. I had heard it in church, in a dreamful way, as I sat among the soft cushions, with my gaze falling upon the misty feather in Deacon Ormand's wife's hat, or the filmy laces that made such a beautiful setting for the sweet curves of cheek and chin of his daughter Victoria. But it had never come to me with such strength, and force, and beauty as it had to this brown-handed, smooth-browed, sensible woman, kneeling, bare-headed, upon the sweet-smelling, moist earth, carefully dropping into tiny holes the little seeds that were big with beautiful promise. What worship there was in such labor! What many women would have called the most menial of common employment, this woman had glorified, and made of it a service, ennobling and instructive, and full of a recompense that exalted both the work and the worker. Ah, I thought of the old gem of a couplet by George Herbert:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine—
Who sweeps a room as to thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."

She, Jane Price, had made "drudgery divine."

I would never again have the fear of death—the dreary, hopeless, shuddering fear of it that had been mine all my life. The lesson of the seeds dropped into the rich brown soil was a good one, and true, and it had remained for this woman to tell me of it. I was so thankful.

While she sat knitting dreamily, occasionally fixing poor Docksey's pillow, or smoothing the creases out of the counterpane, I put on the teakettle and made tea, and brought the bread and butter and cold tongue out of the cellar, spread a newspaper on a corner of the table and laid our cozy little repast in the sitting-room adjoining the bed-room.

This helped to break the still hours of the night into a sort of cheerfulness that took away the dead quiet of the midnight hour.

While we sat eating and conversing in a low tone, I happened to see a book lying open on the other side of the table—open at the title-page. It was "Stepping Heavenward," that beautiful book which finds a place in the "choice collection part" of everybody's library. The name of the owner was on the blank leaf: "Mrs. Adaline Lee; a gift from her boy." Mrs. Lee was the minister's wife. The "boy" was Clarence, her son, a lad of perhaps seventeen years of age. The Lees had come to our church from a great city in the West, and, as it is in all country and village neighborhoods, there must forsooth follow their

arrival some kind of gossip. Every village and every community has its tattler. There had been rumors afloat before the family had been among us a fortnight; mere babble it was, but even that is annoying. What little things the fault-finding ones can magnify into great stories!

Now, I liked our pastor, Mr. Lee, from the time, as poor sick Docksey said, "that I laid eyes on him." But the Cardigan family, over on the river, found fault with him in less than a month, because he played croquet with his children and the Emerson young folks out on the common below the parsonage. Mr. Cardigan brought his crooked forefinger down with emphasis into his dingy seamed palm, as though his argument was a real clincher, and said: "Tell me, jus' tell me, fr'en's, if yo' ever hearn tell o' our Saviour a-playin' crokey?"

And when Mr. Lee was walking on the railroad one summer evening, studying over his next day's sermon, and came upon Sylvester Cardigan, and the Shane boys, and Wils Laymon, down in the old cellar-hole where Johnny Meanor's house stood before it was burned, snugged down in there playing cards, and he very kindly reprimanded them, 'Vester swore at him, and said it was just as profitable business as playing croquet.

Then the story got out next that when Job Ralston's son lay sick with fever, and wasn't expected to live, and they sent for the preacher, Mr. Lee, to go and talk religion with him, he couldn't go because he had set that morning to hunt rabbits!

And some one started the report that Mrs. Lee took her bitters every day as regular as any old toper, and that the whole family ate pie for supper, and fried their sirloin in butter when it cost twenty-five cents a pound. They were called proud people, too, for the reason that Mrs. Lee wore a white linen collar and cuffs every day, and because Clarence slipped a blouse on over his good clothes when he groomed the horse and greased the hubs of the buggy.

As we sipped our tea, I turned through the pages of the good book.

"Women have a great deal of responsibility, I think," said Jane Price; "seems to me sometimes they have more than men; at any rate women ought to be better than men, that's my view of the subject;" and her eyes fell modestly, and she took up the hem of her white apron, and in a shy way began laying it in pleats, and pinching them together as though she meant them to stay pleated.

"I don't know, I'm sure," was my answer; "the responsibility of every one is very great—I am appalled sometimes when I get to thinking seriously on the subject."

"Oh, women surely have the greatest!" was her reply, and she sighed and toyed with the handle of her tea-cup. "I first got to thinking

about this hearing Mrs. Lee talking one day at the Missionary Social when we met at Miss Anderson's. She says every wife is the guardian, the guide and the prop of her husband; that when he is troubled, or angry, or impatient, she should steady him, and soothe, and encourage, and cheer, and try to moderate his passion, and make him reasonable. She can govern him if she has good sense and a well-balanced mind. Mrs. Lee was telling of a woman, a cousin of hers who was married to a man of peculiar disposition. He was always at law with his neighbors; quarreling about his 'rights,' and his wife in every instance took sides with him. If he came home storming and mad at one of them, she would say, 'stand up to him, Jeremiah! At him with the law! Sue for slander or your character!' The result was an embittered, hostile feeling running through the whole family. The very children's teeth were set on edge, their hands were raised against every one, they saw wrong and spite in everything that others did. I never saw a woman who seems so intent on doing good to all as our pastor's wife, Mrs. Lee. Every time I have met her she has given me some thought to carry home with me to think about."

I had been listening. I said: "Do you think, Jane, that we women ought to be better than our husbands? Haven't they as much to do as we have? Why should we be better than they are?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "In our Saviour's time He was the beloved friend of women, of all women—Mary was a type of one class and Martha another class, and He loved them both. Women cared for Him, and wept with Him, and gave Him their sympathy—they were last at the cross and earliest at the grave—" Here Jane Price faltered—her voice grew tremulous, as she said: "Oh, yes, we who are so privileged, so beloved, so set apart, must have greater responsibility because of this trust, and love, and devotion!"

I felt a sob rising in my heart. The warm tears were blinding my eyes. I laid my hand on the hard, brown hand of the noble, natural, clear-seeing woman before me, and stifling the emotion I laughed, and said: "My dear friend, you are right. We must not seek excuse. The smile of the dear Saviour, the friend of women, is upon us. He will help us. The light of His countenance will shine down upon us when we walk in the path of duty—His beautiful promise abides with us. I thank you for the plain lesson of duty to be wrought out in the law of love, and may God bless you, Jane Price, in all you say, and do, and teach; and I will never, never forget this night in which we two have communed together so profitably and delightfully as watchers at the sick-bed of poor old Docksey Heywood.

ROSELLA RICE.

Religious Reading.

NATURAL DEATH NOT THE PENALTY OF SIN.

MANY have adopted the notion, that natural death is the penalty of sin, from the literal language of the Word of God, and their belief in it may be unassailable so long as their mistaken reading of the Bible remains uncorrected. On this head the following considerations are briefly suggested:

I. The Bible does certainly use the words "death" and "dead" in two senses—the one meaning *natural* decease, the death of the body—and the other signifying *spiritual* death; not the dissolution of the soul, but such a state of antagonism to God as to render the soul non-receptive of God's blessings, and which perverts into everlasting misery the life which the Creator designed to be an everlasting joy. Only in this way can be understood the promises, "Whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die;" "He that believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life;" "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death;" and such statements as, "For this my son was dead, and is alive again;" or, "You hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins;" "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead;" "Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death," etc.

II. Jesus came to annul the penalty of sin, and redeem man from the curse: "Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." The death which He abolished was the death of the curse. He did not abolish natural death; therefore, natural death was not the death of the curse. The death that He hath abolished is spiritual death, therefore spiritual death, the death of the soul, was the death of the curse. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" the life we may have in Christ is not the perpetuation of our natural existence; therefore the death we suffer in Adam was not natural decease. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The death and life here contradistinguished are mutual opposites: the life we are to receive through Christ is spiritual life; and the death we have undergone through Adam is spiritual death.

III. The same conclusion must be arrived at from the consideration of the narrative in Genesis: "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." That Adam did not naturally die *that day* the narrative asserts; nor can the words be interpreted that he "became subject to death from that day." If natural death was the penalty, nine hundred and thirty years of life are rather a long interval between the announcement of the penalty and its fulfillment. Either the word "day" or the word "death" must be understood in a non-literal sense. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," seems to indicate that the death of the soul, and not the decease of the body, is and was

the penalty of sin. This conclusion, confirmed as it is by the narrative itself, is the only one that is consistent with the whole tenor of the Scriptures, and it renders the whole tenor of the Scriptures consistent with the facts of science and the deductions of philosophy. Natural death, therefore, is not the penalty of sin, but the necessary condition of a continued, material existence of the human race.

While death is a necessity of life, yet it is a benevolent necessity. In its establishment God has shown Himself a beneficent Father as well as a wise contriver. To learn the reasons for the appointment of death, and the consequences resulting from it, will only exalt His claims upon human gratitude, as it will also afford us a grander spectacle of His more comprehensive design. Earth will be seen to be the seminary of heaven; and the decease of former generations was ordained to permit of the existence of new generations, whose lasting home and abiding-place is above. Thus, and thus only, can be secured the accomplishment of the promise, "Of the increase of His kingdom there shall be no end."

A man dies;

"Life and thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!
All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light!
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before."

In this wreck and desolation, what is it that has died? Evidently only the body. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," is the solemn requiem proper to *that*. It was a marvelous combination of earthly substances, held together by a still more wondrous thing which we call "life;" the bond that held them together is broken; so back to their original elements the substances of the body return. Decomposition shall prepare them for recomposition, in order that the vast cycle of human existence may ceaselessly go on. The body dies because the real man is withdrawn from it. The body was an adjunct; however necessary to his birth as an individual, yet not necessary to his continued existence. Through all the manifold and perpetual changes of the body, the man continued the same being; and he continues the same being despite the last, great change of death.

Then, what survives death? The apostle answers the question, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from Heaven. * * * Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. * * * Knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord;" and we are "willing to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." Absence from the body does not, therefore, destroy the identity or the

consciousness of the man. But the preservation of our consciousness and identity necessitates the preservation of our human form, and even of our individual, human forms. The man whose body is dead must still remain a man; not a mere spark of life, a flickering flame of being, but an actual and distinct existence, a human being, conscious of his own identity, responsible for his previous conduct, and cognizant of God's presence. But form implies substance, for form is but the limitation of substance: and substance in form implies body. Man must, consequently, possess two bodies, one a *material* body, which dies—and one a *spiritual* body, which survives the dissolution of the other.

Our Eternal Homes, BY A BIBLE STUDENT.

CULTIVATE A HOPEFUL AND CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

THE power to cultivate a happy and hopeful spirit, which all may do, in less or greater measure, is more precious to its possessor than gold and rubies. It is an immense consolation to know that as soon as we have something to suffer we have something to hope: wise people are always full of hope—not, mind, of *illusion*, but of *reasonable* hope, founding it upon self-reliance, which, when reasonable, is reliance upon God. He who believes in God steadily and calmly, and not as a mere sayer of prayers, is necessarily an optimist. He knows that the munificence which

has filled the earth with light and warmth will always be accomplishing the best in every way, and that he will not be, and cannot be, an actual sufferer. What we call evil is perhaps the shape which, for our position and circumstances at the moment can alone be assumed as that which is best for us. It is good, at all events, so to believe; and if we are wise, when so placed, we just cover up the grave, as the rotins might do, with the leaves of content. It is better than moaning and wondering, fretfully, why Providence so wounds or bereaves us.

LEO. H. GRINDER.

THE THANKFUL HEART.

THE greatest honor, it has been well said, that we can pay to the Author of our being is to live such a cheerful life as discloses a mind satisfied with His dispensations. "If one should give me a dish of sand," writes one of God's priests, "and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles! The unthankful heart, like my fingers in the sand, discovers no mercies. But let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will it find in every event some heavenly blessings. Only, the iron in God's sand is gold."

Mother's' Department.

THE AFTERNOON CALLER.

SO, after the first half hour had passed away, she looked up from her work and sighed, exclaiming at the same time: "How tired you look! No wonder, though, toiling and working from morning till night. I'm not surprised that wives come to wish they had never been married. Nothing but work, work, sweep and dust, dust and sweep, arrange and rearrange, washing, baking and ironing, and all the thousand and one petty labors and cares crowding into each day; and, to crown it all, two or three ugly little torments to look after, and to fret one's life out by their never-ending wants. If they were only grown up out of the way now, how much better the lives of our over-worked women would be."

Then we talked on pleasantly for a few minutes; but the old lady was adrift, and soon came back, catching at a word or sentence in our conversation.

"Yes, I know all about it!" she exclaimed. "You see I've been through it myself. I know what it is to be worried to death; to be questioned here, and called after there, to hear the continual cry of 'mother, mother,' from morning till dark night. Ah, I know!" and she sighed audibly. "I often wonder how I lived through it all; but I have a good deal of patience, though I never had any credit for it; but I would bear what other women would have sunk under. Though Ezra, poor dear! he used to say that I fretted myself.

Poor dear! what does a man know about a woman's trials anyhow?"

And the minutes sped on, the soft winds bringing us the sound of the children's voices, and waving in its sweetness at every window and door.

"It's patience you need; just an all day patience you must have; and always live in hope; get through each day as well as you can, and at night you will have a spark of comfort in the blessed assurance that another day is gone, and they are so much older, so much nearer out of your way, and no bones broken or limbs crushed." That was all the comfort I had for fifteen long years—fifteen years! Think of it!" And she sighed again and closed her eyes. "I lived wishing each day to end. In winter wishing for summer, in summer wishing for winter. But I lived through it all, and my heart is young yet. But, oh! I pity all poor young things like yourself. You have it all before you. It's a hard life, a mother's is! Work, work, and—"

But a neighbor called from the gate, and our young-hearted old lady left us. A quiet smile flitted over the mother's face as she kissed her first born tenderly, and smoothed his shining hair. A kind of glory fell about her as she sat rocking her baby girl to sleep. Truly enough she was tired; it was late, and there was much to be done, and the little ones to look after all the time; but I never feared for her, the loving companion and parent—truly a crown of blessedness unto her husband and children.

When the sun had gone down, and twilight, like a gentle mother, hushed the unquiet world to rest, cradling it in her sheltering arms, singing a lullaby with voice of bird and stream, then I listened to a sweet, familiar song down-stairs, a soft, crooning measure, lulling the babes to sleep. Oh, the precious little gifts from Heaven! untouched by sin, untarnished by the world—pure little spirits fresh from the Father's hand.

O mothers, what a mission is yours! Unto you is intrusted the priceless souls ripening for the kingdom. The children—our children—how precious they are! I thought of our caller's words—"No wonder wives come to wish they had never been married." Ah, such wives! Yet there are many of them—women whose hearts have no deep sources of love lying clear and sweet under all pain or care that may come to them; women who constantly long for the gayeties of the world, and have no thought for home-comforts and fireside joys. They are to be pitied. Our good home-mothers, over-worked and over-burdened though they often are, have no need of pity, for they have something that is stronger—they have love.

"If only the children were older and out of the way!" How many lips have uttered such words! How many hearts have longed for greater freedom! But I have known mothers who never wished a day was past—never in winter sighed for the summer.

O women! it is more of the home-love you need, more of the wife and mother in your souls, and a mightier feeling of the responsibility resting upon

all parents. Kiss the baby lips, look into the baby eyes, those tranquil depths of peace, and can you wish the babe were a woman? The tiny hands would be gone out from your clasping, the little arms could no longer cling about your neck; and though the love of the maiden be very sweet, what can compensate for the outgoings of tenderness that spring only in perfect purity in the child heart? What footsteps, be they ever so familiar and pleasant, will sound so musical, and beat such a rare melody, as the footsteps of the children, pattering here, pattering there, throughout the livelong day? What voices, be they ever so welcome, will ever again come singing through the house, music in every tone, "Mother! mother?" How sweetly little lips learn to speak the deaf-name! And can we wish the children were out of our way? Why they were never in our way yet, unless they stood—as, Heaven bless them, they often have—between us and evil. No, no, soon enough will they

"Leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair,
Little ones in the nest."

O mothers! take them thankfully, and wish not for the morrow. To-day there is sunshine; the little voices fall into rare melody, and the chorus is, "Mother! mother!" To-day they are yours. Be their mother; be all that sacred word implies, and by and by they will be your children still; and pray God they may each keep the child-soul alive until they cross the boundary line.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

The Home Circle.

ABOUT BOOKS.

"OF the making of many books, there is no end." So said Solomon in the days of old, when, as nearly as I can gather from history and hearsay, there were very few books indeed, and those were written slowly and tediously, on parchment rolls, and kept as precious treasures. I wonder what the wise man would think now, were he living in these days, when thousands are written every year, hundreds of them to live a short, ephemeral life, floating a little while upon the surface wave of public favor or tolerance, then going down without leaving even a ripple to mark the place where they sank. Many of these are hardly worth reading, others not worth it at all, and some actually injurious to the minds of those who read them, feeding on them as a false stimulant, to create a passing, mental excitement. Occasionally one of these pernicious books lives long enough to do a good deal of mischief. They are written, perhaps, by a gifted pen, which knows how to clothe its ideas in smooth-flowing words, and a fascinating style, that will charm unwary readers, who see not the subtle poison lying underneath. These books do more harm than a plainly coarse, bad one, which would not attract refined tastes at all.

There are some writers, who under the excuse that all phases of life should be depicted in fic-

tion, paint a character which has flagrant vices, yet add some virtue or throw some circumstances around it, which arouses sympathy or admiration in their readers, and they cannot help liking or feeling sympathy for the person. I cannot but consider such a book bad in its tendency, tempting one to excuse an evil, sometimes even to count it justifiable, because of the good end which is to be gained by it. In my judgment, it is debasing one's talents, and putting them to false uses, to write such books, when ability has been given which might enable the possessor to do good in the world, if it was turned into the right channel. I think writers are answerable for the way they use their talent, just as any one else is for other great gifts. But there are so many good books in existence, that there is no need of any one reading bad literature if they are careful in selecting, or can be guided by those who have knowledge and judgment in such matters, if they know not how to choose for themselves—I am speaking here, particularly, of works of fiction—"light reading," as it is usually called. The field of other literature is too varied, and I too humble a reader, too poor in my knowledge of its great wealth, to put my voice forth in opinion or criticism there; only to say that solid reading should be the basis of every one's intellectual education, and should never be neglected for other kinds. When one is young, and the habits of life are forming, if light reading

is indulged in to the exclusion of more important food, they are too apt to lose the taste for any other and become shallow-minded and superficial as to literary acquirements, while their moral nature is frequently injured by false views of life being inculcated, and a dissatisfaction with surrounding circumstances and a morbid craving after unnatural excitement and romance produced.

But I do not hold the opinion of many, that light-reading—in moderation—is injurious or worthless, *provided* such reading be of a good kind. I have heard novel-reading condemned without any reservation; yet I cannot but know that a real good novel does as much good sometimes as many sermons. Who can read "John Halifax" or a "Noble Life," without the noblest and best emotions of their nature being appealed to and stirred within them. Then "The Daisy Chain," "Heir of Redclyffe," "Christian's Mistake"—are there not beautiful sermons and life-lessons in all of them, and many more that I could mention? There are some who never hear or read a sermon, who can be reached and influenced by a novel, because it is put in such an entertaining form.

Religious reading should, of course, come first, as a foundation to support and strengthen the heart, and be a guide for our lives. Solid reading of various kinds should be added, to cultivate and enlighten the mind, fitting us for intelligent, social beings, capable of using and enjoying the highest faculties and tastes given us.

Then let light reading come in to brighten and amuse, to rest the mind from heavier work or divert from care. Often, the thoughts need to be beguiled from wearing cares, bodily pain or mental suffering. And this can be done frequently by reading, when no other recreation is practicable or desirable. In such cases, I consider a pleasant, fictitious story, which does not require thought enough to tire, but just to divert from other things, as of real value.

Again, if we are disturbed in mind, fretful or worried, a book is a safer companion than a human friend. There is no danger of our saying disagreeable things to it, and if a good book, it will often calm us, and smooth out the ruffles and wrinkles.

I remember once, a few years ago, when worn and weary with the anxiety and pain of witnessing severe illness and suffering around me, I went to stay a few days with some dear friends, who wished to rest me and divert my thoughts from care. They read to me a charming little book entitled "One Summer." It was not written with any especial moral or object—just a bright, fresh, enjoyable book; the story of a few months of a girl's life. So entertaining and amusing, I could not but be charmed into forgetfulness for the time being.

The world has been made richer lately, by the last book of Miss Muloch's, (or rather Mrs. Craik now), entitled "Young Mrs. Jardine." Such a book is well worth the perusal of all young wives, and those who may soon become wives. The noble-minded, true, brave woman, who would not dissemble for the sake of keeping up appearances, who was not afraid to do what was right, and would not hide her real convictions when there was need for speaking, on account of their not being in accordance with the views of the world in general—is a model worth copying.

If I had the privilege of selecting and arrang-

ing a young girl's library, I would, after choosing some of the best histories and biographies, place next upon the shelves, that bright, sweet, healthful book of Miss Alcott's—"Little Women;" and "Eight Cousins," and "Rose in Bloom," should keep it company. Then, "Stepping Heavenward," of which I heard a young girl say, "It is one of the best girls' books I ever read, for it does not make the girl too good to be natural, but shows up the faults and ugly thoughts and ways that real girls have, as well as their good qualities." After that, should come "The Lamp-lighter," "Queechy," "Home Influence," and as she grew older, "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Christian's Mistake" and "John Halifax." Of this last, I once heard a woman of much literary culture and judgment, say, "It does one's soul good to read such a book occasionally."

"The Daisy Chain," is another, which can hardly be classed as a novel—such earnest, religious teaching runs through the whole book. Yet, it is a deeply-interesting, charming story of young life, filled with earnest work, and I cannot see how any appreciative reader can fail to be benefited by its perusal.

The poets, also, should hold a conspicuous place in this collection. Mrs. Hemans's sweet breathings, Miss Landon and Wordsworth, for first reading. Then our Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Aldrich, and others; Mrs. Browning—queen among poetesses, Jean Ingelow, Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Owen Meredith's "Lucille," and gems from all the poets of England and America. These are enough to enumerate at present, although it is more than probable that some others I do not think of now, would be added when I made my selection.

There is one volume, however, which I must mention, very different from all these, and comprising more styles of literature than any other ever written. Legend, history, romance, poetry, prophecy and proverb, all grace its pages, and teach their life-giving lessons. I need not give its name, but if you think I am mistaken, examine carefully for yourself. From it the greatest orators and poets have drawn inspiration, and kings and judges have been aided by its counsels. By it, mankind has been taught how to live and how to die, and from careful reading of it, more profit can be gained than from all other books together.

LICHEN.

LESSONS FROM FLOWERS.

MY pansies taught me a sweet one in charity last winter. They were the only ones blooming in our vicinity, and were the admiration of every one. Not a week passed but there was one or more large, velvety eye open, gazing around in seeming wonder on the snowy furs wrapped about the windows or icy splendors hanging from the trees; so different from the summery scenes they had helped to deck. They looked so bright and cute, I did hate to pick them, but young, eager voices pleaded for "just one, aunty," and I soon found where one was given two replaced it. At Christmas my box could boast a dozen royal and gold blossoms, that seemed to love to give of their beauty and sweetness to cheer wintery

gloom. They really produce larger and richer blossoms in winter than in summer, and if you want something to gladden your heart and brighten your room, be sure to have a pot of pansies. Give them all the sunlight you can and out-door air, when not freezing; put on newspaper *night-gowns* when real cold, and only babies can be fresher and sweeter after a nap.

A hanging-basket of sweet alyssum, flourished, too, with the same treatment. In the South we have warm, summer-like days enough to give them all the water they require, and they richly repay the little care they need.

AUNT RENA.

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

MY DEAR GIRLS: While the coming year is still new and young, we are very apt, especially when in our youthful days, to look forward with bright anticipations and fond hopes to the treasures which we feel sure lie hidden in its bosom. Each new year seems like a golden promise; and I wish that this one might indeed hold a germ of joy for you—a germ that would unfold perennial flowers, whose fragrance would exhale through all your future-lives; such a blossom would be the knowledge of the strength and nearness of the Father's undying love.

The "Happy New Year" is the time also, with many, for making new resolutions, for making new plans, or revising old ones, for future action. Among these I would like to suggest that you should place the determination to be always ready to do the duty of the moment, whatever it may be. The only way to weave the web of life is by using every tiny little thread that is placed within our fingers, and to bravely, patiently, faithfully—full of faith—weave them in. The only way to prepare for your future lives is by taking care of the present; the only way to prepare for the life after death is by living aright the life of to-day—living it according to the Lord's teachings.

It is neither pleasant nor easy to see our treasured hopes and plans relentlessly turned aside. Yet, if after our patient, earnest, persistent endeavors, they continue to be impossible for us, it is evident that the time for their accomplishment is, at least, not yet. Perhaps we are ourselves not yet prepared to carry them through successfully; perhaps we never could be. But I do believe that whatever we ardently desire and strive for, if it is right and best for us, we shall eventually attain. If we do not succeed, it is the Father's "No" that interposes, and this is because He sees and knows it is not best that we should have our desire; and even the denial will be changed into a blessing if we are but obedient and trusting.

I know how hard it is to see the dear hopes laid low, and to turn and resolutely make the best of what remains. We can see and know so little of what is best. It seems that the only thing for us is to do just the present duty, no matter how insignificant it may seem, and trust for the future unquestioningly.

Life, to the most of us, is made up of little things; and they seem such very small things; but who can tell for how much they may count in the end?

I often think that I will study a little, or write

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a little, and so very, very often, just as I commence, I am interrupted; perhaps nothing more serious than a request to help plan the making of a new garment, or the making over of an old one; perhaps it may be some one who just feels as though a little chat would rest, or cheer, or freshen; or perhaps it may only be that there seems a need of the effort on the part of some one to make things seem pleasant. No matter which it may be, I always feel that I must never avoid or close my eyes, knowingly, to any of these little duties. I like to feel that it is the Father's hand that leadeth me, that every summons comes from Him; I know He will show me no opportunity which I ought to neglect; perhaps these very "little things," to which it sometimes may give me a moment's inconvenience or disappointment to attend, are the very things which He may be most anxious I should do; they may be, the most essential for me.

We cannot judge of duties for one another; but one rule is safe for all, and that is to do whatever is the nearest obvious duty at the time, and to do it bravely, cheerfully, gladly, willingly—yes, and thankfully.

Have your hopes, your aspirations; cherish a high ideal, and try to live up to it; but do not forget the little things of every-day life and need; their prompt and faithful performance will form stepping-stones on which you will rise, while their failure will as surely form impediments over which you will be liable to stumble and to fall.

AUNTIE.

THE GRACE OF HOSPITALITY.

MANY will read the remarks of "R. M. H." in December number, on uninvited guests, with a hearty indorsement of her sentiments. To appreciate the subject to the full, she should live in a parsonage for fifteen years, and have her home a half-way house between two cities. It was the regular custom with us, when the wash-boiler was on, to have some good ministerial friend drop in and stop over until the one o'clock train. Then off must come the boiler, to the wrath of Dinah or Bridget, and all steam be applied to get the dinner cooked and eaten in time for that train.

As we never dined so early ourselves, it broke the day into inch pieces. The babies must be tucked out of the way some how, and the dinner got on to the table; but, oh, the weariness, and hurry, and over-work that it required. But for a good store of canned fruits, I should often have given up in despair. Oysters could be had near by, and were easily cooked; and these were the staple for these hurried clerical dinners.

Agents and culporteurs were always coming and going, and a country minister's parsonage is supposed to be their hotel. One good old man stayed with us six weeks, at a time when there was sickness with the children, and almost no resources or supplies. But we had warm fires, and the study was so cozy and the newspapers so abundant, that he only moved out about his business two or three hours a day in the finest weather. The rest of the time he stayed by the fire. At the end of his stay he presented me with a hymn book from his stores, with the air of a man who was dis-

playing a wonderful liberality, and I accepted it with due humility. We never think of that "visitation" from a perfect stranger as cheerfully as we might.

The next agent was a dispirited young man, who chewed tobacco incessantly, and who finished his field in a month. By that time we had gained some wisdom on the agent question, and were able to invent inclined planes to slide them off better.

But, barring the colporteurs—and we have had some of those it was a blessed privilege to entertain, some I feel I shall rejoice to meet on the other shore—this matter of entertaining passing guests has had its compensations. When by the very hardest strain of nerve, and muscle, and means, I have made a chance guest comfortable, I have almost always found the hospitality blessed to me in some unexpected way. Dear friendships have been formed which will not end here upon earth; the soul has been cheered and the brain quickened by the genial conversation at the table; the society of cultivated, intelligent guests has been a great educator to the children, and this alone is a sufficient compensation for all the outlay. There is nothing that can give this particular kind of "schooling" but personal, face-to-face commingling with people of high culture. It is none the less powerful because it comes to them all unconsciously.

Though it is always most desirable to know beforehand when a guest is to be at our table, as society goes we cannot avoid often "being surprised." The true way, then, is to make the best of it, and rigidly school ourselves to be satisfied with a simple meal. A plain one, given with a cheerful good-will, suits almost any one better than an elaborate one gotten up with such a worry that its toil and labor are all photographed on the heated face of the poor worker. A clean, smooth tablecloth, if ever so coarse, and set of napkins, laid away and sacred to company, are a first requisite. Then you will never be surprised on Monday with all the table-linen in the soda. A store of canned fruits are a very restful consciousness to a woman "surprised" in this way, and if a can or two of meats, or a jar of laid-away cooked sausages, or sliced ham put down in lard, are in her cellar, she can get ready a comfortable meal in fifteen minutes, if need be.

Stop first of all and collect your thoughts when such an emergency comes. Think what is the very best thing to do under the circumstances. If by any means possible, and you feel the need of it, send out for some neighbor's little girl to help you for the day. Such help is often easy to get for the time, and will save your strength and spirits wonderfully. I have almost always had some such little helper within call, who could take out the baby in its carriage, or run on errands as I wished, and have found it a great advantage. Spare yourself all you can. The saving of your life-power is the most important one you can ever make.

But, do your best, and you will still have a hard day of it, I know by long experience. But let me also draw another conclusion from that same old experience-book. Many things that were very hard in passing are not at all hard in recollection. Often, indeed, just the reverse. Hospitality is still a blessed grace, both to giver and receiver.

OAKLAND.

A RESPONSE TO E. F. G.

I HAVE been for some time a reader of the "Home Circle," have been profited by Pipesey's practical suggestions and wholesome advice, and benefited by Lichen's wise and Christian counsel. Her musings are strikingly in unison with my own feelings and desires.

I wish to express my thanks to all the members for their cheering words, and would gladly claim them as my personal friends. Hereafter, unless blackballed, I will consider myself one of the "Home Circle," and entitled to my "say" occasionally.

E. F. G., in the December number, wishes the exact proportions of ingredients for pumpkin-pies and corn-bread. I will give her my recipes, which never fail.

FOR PUMPKIN-PIES.—To one pint of stewed pumpkin (squash is better), strained through a colander, take a pint of new milk and two eggs. Sweeten and flavor to taste. I use ginger or nutmeg.

FOR ST. CHARLES'S CORN-BREAD.—To one pint of corn-meal, take one pint of sweet milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Stir in a tablespoonful of melted lard. Put in a hot pan and bake thoroughly.

I will also give E. F. G. my recipe for potatoes, which are a general favorite.

To one pint of potato mashed through a colander, take a half pint of new milk, a tablespoonful of butter and three eggs. Sugar and nutmeg to taste. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and stir in just before putting into the crust.

Will Pipesey, or some other member of the "Home Circle," tell me how to take out stains with chloride of lime?

Cousin ANNA.

AT REST.

OUR darling played till the dew came down,
And the evening chimes rang over the lea,
And then he said, with a weary frown:
"I'm tired as I can be."

He had won a race with the Bernard pup,
And chased the birds from the tree-top swing,
He had caught a bee in a hollyhock cup,
A butterfly on the wing.

And then he was tired—so tired, you see,
That he quickly, quietly fell on sleep.
His rest is sweet, and he smiles; but we—
Ah! what can we do but weep?

His rest is abiding, and ours has fled;
Our arms are empty, our hearts are sore;
We listen and yearn; no childish tread
Returns from the soundless shore.

It is well with him. There's little of play,
And a world of grief in the mortal span;
He had his play-time, and passed away
Ere trouble and toil began.

So lay a kiss on the sweet, shut eyes,
And fold him away from the gaze of men;
We may hope to meet him in Paradise,
But never on earth again.

HELEN HERBERT.

Evenings with the Poets.

OUR SHIPS AT SEA.

HOW many of us have ships at sea,
Freighted with wishes, and hopes, and fears,
Tossing about on the waves, while we
Linger and wait on the shore for years,
Gazing afar through the distance dim
And sighing, will ever our ships come in?

We sent them away with laughter and song,
The decks were white and the sails were new,
The fragrant breezes bore them along,
The sea was calm and the skies were blue,
And we thought as we watched them sail away
Of the joy they would bring us some future day.

Long have we watched beside the shore
To catch the gleam of a coming sail,
But we only hear the breakers' roar
Or the sweeping night wind's dismal wail,
Till our cheeks grow pale, and our eyes grow dim,
And we sadly sigh, will they ever come in?

Oh! poor, sad heart with its burden of cares,
Its aims defeated, its worthless life
That has garnered only the thorns and the tares,
That is scared and torn in the pitiful strife,
Afar on the heavenly, golden shore
Thy ships are anchored forevermore.

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

THE minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life's worth nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the miserable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course, there couldn't be any mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various styles of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens to my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overcheatin'.

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler;
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hits 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And coming to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, That sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellas;
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown ne winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew—
It sot my blood a-bilin';
Says I to myself, Our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

New Haven Register.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE ON HIGH.

MY Father's house on high,
Home of my soul how near!
At times to faith's aspiring eye
The golden gates appear.

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

TWILIGHT.

IN the gray, beautiful twilight,
Ere candles are lit in the room,
Dancing with manifold shadows,
The firelight filleth the gloom.

In the twilight of contemplation,
When sweet thoughts illumine the heart,
How the voices of loved ones now sleeping,
Like shadows, come and depart.

Humors of the Household.

A PICKED-UP DINNER.

FROM "THE CONFESSIONS OF A HOUSEKEEPER."

IT was "washing-day;" that day of all days in the week most dreaded by housekeepers. We had a poor breakfast, of course. Cook had to help with the washing, and, as washing was the important thing for the day, everything else was doomed to suffer. The wash-kettle was to her of greater moment than the tea-kettle or coffee-pot; and the boiling of wash-water first in consideration, compared with broiling the steak.

The breakfast-bell rung nearly half an hour later than usual. As I entered the dining-room, I saw that nearly everything was in disorder, and that the table was little over half set. Scarcely had I taken my seat ere the bell was in my hand.

"There's no sugar on the table, Kitty."

These were my words, as the girl entered in obedience to my summons.

"Oh, I forgot!" she ejaculated, and hurriedly supplied the deficiency.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, went my bell, ere she had reached the kitchen.

"There's no knife and fork for the steak," said I, as Kitty reappeared.

The knife and fork were furnished, but not with a very amiable grace.

"What's the matter with this coffee?" asked Mr. Smith, after sipping a spoonful or two. "It's got a queer taste."

"I'm sure I don't know."

It was plain that I was going to have another trying day; and I began to feel a little worried. My reply was not, therefore, made in a very composed voice.

Mr. Smith continued to sip his coffee with a spoon, and to taste the liquid doubtfully. At length he pushed his cup from him, saying: "It's no use; I can't drink that! I wish you would just taste it. I do believe Kitty has dropped a piece of soap into the coffee-pot."

By this time I had turned out a cup of the fluid for myself, and proceeded to try its quality. It certainly had a queer taste; but, as to the substance to which it was indebted for its peculiar flavor, I was in total ignorance. My husband insisted that it was soap. I thought differently; but we made no argument on the subject.

The steak was found, on trial, to be burned so badly that it was not fit to be eaten. And my husband had to make his meal of bread and butter and cold water. As for myself, this spoiling of our breakfast for no good reason completely destroyed both my appetite and my temper.

"You'd better get your dinner at an eating-house, Mr. Smith," said I, as he arose from the table. "It's washing-day, and we shall have nothing comfortable."

"Things will be no more comfortable for you than for me," was kindly replied by my husband.

"We shall only have a picked-up dinner," said I.

"I like a good picked-up dinner," answered Mr. Smith. "There is something so out of the

ordinary routine of ribs, loins and sirloins—something so comfortable and independent about it. No, you cannot eat your picked-up dinner alone."

"Drop the word *good* from your description, and the picked-up dinner will be altogether another affair," said I. "No, don't come home to-day, if you please, for everything promises to be most uncomfortable. Get yourself a good dinner at an eating-house, and leave me to go through the day as well as I can."

"And you are really in earnest?" said my husband, seriously.

"I certainly am," was my reply. "Entirely in earnest. So, just oblige me by not coming home to dinner."

Mr. Smith promised; and there was so much off of my mind, I could not let him come home without seeing that he had a good dinner. But almost anything would do for me and the children.

In some things, I am compelled to say that my husband is a little uncertain. His memory is not always to be depended on. Deeply absorbed in business as he was at that time, he frequently let things of minor importance pass from his thoughts altogether.

So it happened on the present occasion. He forgot that it was washing-day, and that he had promised to dine down town. Punctually at half-past one, he left his place of business, as usual, and took his way homeward. As he walked along, he met an old friend who lived in a neighboring town, and who was on a visit to our city.

"Why, Mr. Jones! How glad I am to see you! When did you arrive?" And my husband grasped the hand of his friend eagerly.

"Came in last evening," replied Mr. Jones. "How well you look, Smith! How is your family?"

"Well—very well. When do you leave?"

"By this afternoon's line."

"So soon? You make no stay at all?"

"I came on business, and must get back again with as little delay as possible."

"Then you must go and dine with me, Jones. I won't take no for an answer. Want to have a long talk with you about old times."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith," replied Jones. "But, as I don't happen to know your good lady, I hardly feel free to accept your invitation."

"Don't hesitate for that. She'll be delighted to see you. Always glad to meet any of my old friends. So come along. I've a dozen things to say to you."

"I'm really afraid of intruding on your wife," said Mr. Jones, still holding back from the invitation.

"Nonsense!" answered my husband. "My friends are hers. She will be delighted to see you. I've talked of you to her a hundred times."

At this Mr. Jones yielded.

"I can't promise you anything extra," said Mr. Smith, as they walked along. "Nothing more than a good, plain family dinner, and a warm welcome."

"All I could ask or desire," returned Mr. Jones.

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It was a few minutes to two o'clock. The bell had rung for dinner, and I was just rising to go to the dining-room, when I heard the street-door open, and the sound of my husband's voice in the passage. There was a man in company with him, for I distinctly heard the tread of a pair of feet. What could this mean? I remained seated, listening with attention.

My husband entered the parlor with his companion, talking in a cheerful, animated strain; and I heard him pull up the blinds and throw open the shutters. Presently he came tripping lightly up the stairs to my sitting-room.

"I've brought a friend home to dinner, Jane," said he, as coolly and as confidently as if it were not washing-day; and as if he had not told me, on going out, that he would dine at an eating-house.

This was a little too much for my patience and forbearance.

"Are you beside yourself, Mr. Smith?" I replied, my face instantly becoming flushed, and my eyes glancing out upon him the sudden indignation I felt at such treatment.

"Why, Jane! Jane! This is not kind in you," said my husband, with regret and displeasure in his voice. "It is rather hard if a man can't ask an old friend home to dine with him once in five years, without asking the special permission of his wife."

"Mr. Smith! Are you not aware that this is washing-day?"

There was an instant change in my husband's countenance. He seemed bewildered for a few moments.

"And, moreover," I continued, "are you not aware that I was to have a picked-up dinner at home, and that you were to dine at an eating-house?"

"I declare!" Mr. Smith struck his hands together, and turned around once upon his heel. "I entirely forgot about that."

"What's to be done?" said I, almost crying with vexation. "I've nothing for dinner but some fried ham and eggs."

"The best we can do is the best," returned Mr. Smith. "You can give Mr. Jones a hearty welcome, and that will compensate for any defects in the dinner. I forewarned him that we should not entertain him very sumptuously."

"You'd better tell him the whole truth at once," said I, in answer to this, "and then take him to an eating-house."

But my good husband would hear to nothing of this. He had invited his old friend to dine with him, and dine he must, if it was only on a piece of dry bread.

"Pick up something. Do the best you can," he returned. "We can wait for half an hour."

"I've nothing in the house, I tell you," was my answer, made in no very pleasant tones, for I felt very much irritated and outraged by my husband's thoughtless conduct.

"There, there, Jane! Don't get excited about the matter," said he, soothingly. But his words were not like oil to the troubled waters of my spirit.

"I am excited," was my response. "How can I help being? It is too much! You should have had more consideration."

But talking was of no use. Mr. Jones was in the parlor, and had come to take a family dinner

with us. So nothing was left but to put a good face on the matter; or, at least, to try and do so.

"Dinner's on the table now," said I. "All is there that we can have to-day. So just invite your friend to the dining-room, where you will find me."

So saying, I took a little fellow by the hand, who always eat with us, and led him away, feeling, as my lady readers will very naturally suppose, in not the most amiable humor in the world. I had just got the child, who was pretty hungry, seated in his high chair, when my husband and his guest made their appearance, and I was introduced.

Sorry am I to chronicle the fact—but truth compels me to make a faithful record—that my reception of the stranger was by no means gracious. I tried to smile; but a smile was such a mockery of my real feelings, that every facial muscle refused to play the hypocrite. The man was not welcome, and it was impossible for me to conceal this.

"A plain family dinner, you see," said Mr. Smith, as we took our places at the meagre board. "We are plain people. Shall I help you to some of the ham and eggs?"

He tried to smile pleasantly, and to seem very much at his ease. But the attempt was far from successful.

"I want some! Don't give him all!" screamed the hungry child at my side, stretching out his hands toward the poorly-supplied dish from which my husband was about supplying our guest.

My face, which was red enough before, now became like scarlet. A moment longer I remained at the table, and then rising up quickly, took the impatient child in my arms, and carried him screaming from the room. I did not return to grace the dinner-table with my unattractive presence. Of what passed, particularly, between my husband and his friend Mr. Jones, who had left his luxurious dinner at the hotel to enjoy "a plain family dinner" with his old acquaintance, I never ventured to make inquiry. They did not remain very long at the table; nor very long in the house after finishing their frugal meal.

I have heard since that Mr. Jones has expressed commiseration for my husband as the married partner of a real termagant. I don't much wonder at his indifferent opinion, for I rather think I must have shown in my face something of the indignant fire that was in me.

Mr. Smith, who was too much in the habit of inviting people home to take a "family dinner" with him on the spur of the moment, has never committed that error again. His mortification was too severe to be easily forgotten.

FAILURE.—One fruitful source of failure is found in a lack of concentration of purpose. There will be adverse winds in every voyage, but the able seaman firmly resists their influence, while he takes advantage of every favorable breeze to speed him on his course. So in our aims and pursuits we shall find much to counteract them, much to draw away our attention from them, and, unless we are armed with a steadfast purpose that can subordinate the lesser to the greater, that can repel hindrances, resist attractions and bend circumstances to our will, our efforts will not be crowned with success.

Housekeepers' Department.

RECIPES.

HOW RICE IS COOKED IN JAPAN.—A recent traveler in Japan says: "They do know how to cook rice here, though, and for the benefit of grocers and consumers in the United States I investigated the matter. Only just enough cold water is poured on to prevent the rice from burning to the pot, which has a close-fitting cover and is set on a moderate fire. The rice is steamed, rather than boiled, until it is nearly done; then the cover of the pot is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture are allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the soggy mass we usually get in the United States as a fine, mealy potato is to the water-soaked article. I have seen something approaching this in our Southern States, but I do not think even there they do it as skillfully as it is done here, and in the Northern States but very few persons understand how to cook rice properly. I am sure that if cooked as it is here the consumption of this wholesome and delicious cereal would largely increase in America."

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.—Scald half a pint of Indian-meal with enough boiling water to make it into a thick paste, add a cup of flour and milk, enough to make a thick batter, then beat three eggs very lightly, and stir into the batter with a large tablespoonful of butter melted and a tablespoonful of sugar; add, the last thing, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder or a teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted, and a small half-one of soda dissolved in boiling water (the soda must always be added the last thing whenever it is used); bake in little tins in a sharp oven, or if baked in one tin it is a delicious corn-bread.

HOMINY-BREAD is very delicate, and as the recipe is equally good with cold, boiled rice, which is often at hand, I give the manner of making it: A large cup of cold, boiled rice or hominy, as much Indian corn-meal, and the same of flour and milk, to make thick batter, then beat in three eggs, a teaspoonful of salt and a dessert-spoonful of sugar; stir in a tablespoonful of butter

melted, and bake in a shallow tin-pan in a hot oven; cut it out in squares, and serve hot on a napkin. This and all breads having corn-meal need to be liberally buttered.

INVERNESS EGGS.—Boil some eggs hard, take off the shells; make force-meat with parsley, thyme, bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, dripping or butter, chopped anchovy and a beat-up egg. Cover the hard eggs with the force-meat, roll in flour, fry light brown, and serve with gravy.

POTATO DUCHESSE.—Boil and pass through a sieve half a dozen fine potatoes—there must be no lumps. Add a gill of cream, the yolks of three eggs, pepper, salt, a little chopped parsley and a "hint" of nutmeg. The mixture must be thoroughly smooth and well amalgamated. Take a tablespoonful at a time, form into a ball, brush the top slightly with beaten egg, and set them in the oven until lightly brown.

TO KEEP CORNED BEEF JUICY.—Always put corned beef back to keep until the next day in the liquor it was boiled in. Instead of the hard, brown, woody substance that is sometimes served as cold corned beef, kept in this way it will always be juicy, as it reabsorbs much of the richness from the liquor itself. Skim the liquor, of course, before setting it away, and it will keep as well in the pot it was boiled in as anything else. The tender part of the rump makes the best selection for salting.

SPONGES.—Sponges long in use are sometimes affected with sliminess, which is caused by the sponge not being wrung as dry as possible immediately after use. When this has once formed, it increases rapidly. A contemporary says that one of the most effectual recipes for cleansing sponges, and certainly one of the cheapest, is a strong solution of salt and water, in which they should soak for a few hours, and then be thoroughly dried. Sponges should not be left in a spongedish; they should be kept suspended where the air can freely circulate around them. Quick evaporation of the moisture is the main thing to keep them in good order.

Pleasant Varieties.

A TRAVELER was relating to a party of friends how in some parts of the world domestic animals are turned to account. "For instance," said he, "one evening, in Spain, I reached a little, solitary inn. Close to the stove lay a dog, warming itself in comfort. 'What can you give me for dinner?' I asked the landlady. 'Some eggs,' was her reply; and the dog looked fixedly at me. 'Eggs?' repeated I. 'That's poor sustenance for a man who has just come thirty miles on horseback. Have you nothing better?' 'There's a bit of bacon,' suggested the landlady; and the dog looked at me more intently than ever. 'I'm not

passionately fond of bacon,' said I. 'What else have you?' 'Santa Anna,' cried the landlady, 'I can give you a chicken!' At these words the dog jumped up and sprang through the half-open window. 'Good gracious!' said I. 'Why, the word "chicken" was like a bomb-shell to him!' 'Ah,' smiled the hostess, 'it's because he turns the spit!'

A LITTLE girl started on her first sea voyage late at night, and on looking out of the state-room window in the morning, called her mother in astonishment to see the front yard full of water.

"THERE'S one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea-captain, "and that's courtship, 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain."

A CHICOPEE (Massachusetts) small boy declined to eat soup at dinner the other day, on the ground that he "hadn't any teeth that were little enough for soup."

An old lady who has several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

A VERY contradictory old Scotch lady was observed to be ready enough to assent to any remarks which were made to her by her dentist, when she had occasion to visit him. Her exceptional behavior was commented on. "What would you have?" was, dropping the vernacular, the purport of her reply; "when I am going to put my head into the man's hands I think it best to speak him fair!"

"I'M VERY sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown, that you were present last night at a Plymouth brethren's tea-meeting. I have often told you that their doctrines are highly erroneous." Mrs. Brown—"Erroneous, sir, their doctrines may be; but their cake, with Sultany raisins, is excellent."

JUST before visiting a menagerie Johnny had a passage-at-arms with a young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, Johnny was immensely interested by a strange, foreign animal with a long, lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant-eater, my son," Johnny, after a long silence. "Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

A GENTLEMAN, recently about to pay his doctor's bill, said, "Well, doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all my neighbor's children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford at the very least to deduct ten per cent. from the amount of my bill for the increase of business we gave you."

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

GOOD temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

SOFT words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the fire?

ONE watch set right will do to set many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we each set to those around us.

A WOMAN, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things beside shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate and deferential.

IGNORING or quickly forgetting personal injuries is characteristic of true greatness, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man a person is, the more he makes of an injury or an insult. The more of a man he is, the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause. "The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel, but rushes joyously the ravage to conceal." It is the tiny streamlet which is kept in a sputter by a stick thrust into its waters by a willful boy.

COURTESY is due to others. It is helpful to others. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make at least one desperate effort to be respectable. Courtesy is an appeal to the nobler and better nature of others to which that nature responds. It is due to ourselves. It is the crowning grace of culture, the stamp of perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown.

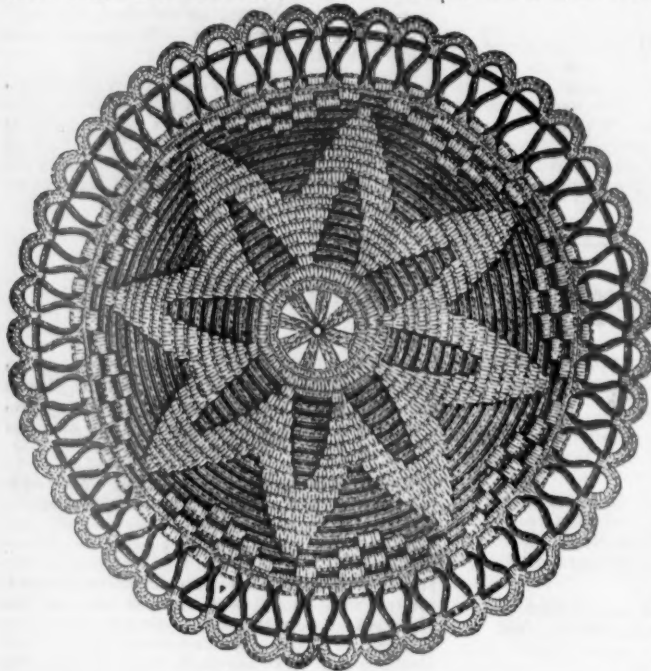
NO MAN who has reached the age of threescore years and ten would, upon reflection, be willing to rub out from his experience in life the sorrows which have softened his character, or the mistakes which have taught him wisdom.

THAT life is a poor one which is without ambition—which has no object to work for, no height to strive to reach. A person may be good and kind-hearted while willing to live in idle ignorance and let the world go on growing in wealth and wisdom without his taking an active part and interest in its onward movements—he may be good, but most certainly he is dull of mind and sluggish of body. No individual destitute of ambition will make his mark in the world. He will come and go; few will note his coming, and few will grieve at his going.

A GOOD woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but, if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love and a devotion to truth? No; such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirit, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If girls desire to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let them not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let them love truth and virtue; and to the close of life they will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets ever fresh and ever new.

Nancy Needlework.

MAT FOR SCENT BOTTLES. (Crochet).—Circular mat, crocheted with écaru-colored thread in double crochet over a thin, round cane, polished brown, and rendered soft by having been previously steeped in water. Begin from the centre with 7 chain closed into a circle. 1st round: 4



MAT FOR SCENT BOTTLES.

chain to form 1 long treble, 1 long treble in the circle, 7 times alternately 3 chain, 2 long treble in the circle, then 3 chain, close the circle with a slip-stitch. 2d round: 1 double in every stitch. 3d round: 64 double over the cane in the 40 stitches. 4th round: 8 times alternately 8 double without cane in next 7 stitches, 2 double over the cane. Close every round with a slip-stitch. 5th round: 8 times alternately 8 double without cane in 6 stitches, 4 double in 4 next stitches. 6th to 9th rounds: Like the preceding round, but the number of stitches in every round is increased by 2 stitches, while the stitches crocheted without cane consist of only 7 double in the 6th to 8th of these 4 rounds, and of 6 double in the 9th round. 10th round: *4 double without cane (the centre 4 of the next 6 without cane), 6 double over the cane, 3 double without cane, 6 double over the cane, repeat 7 times from *. 11th round: *2 double without cane, 6 double over cane, 6 double without cane in 5 double, 6 double over cane, repeat 7 times from *. 12th round: 7 slip-stitch, 8 times alternately 10 double without cane in 8 stitches,

12 double over cane, the last 7 in the first 7 slip-stitches of this round. 13th round: 11 double without cane, 8 times alternately 10 double over cane, 12 double without cane, last of all only 1 double without cane. 14th round: 12 double without cane, 8 times alternately 8 double over the cane in next 8 stitches, 14 double without cane, last of all only 3 double without cane. 15th round: 13 double without cane in next 12 stitches, 8 times alternately 6 double over cane, 17 double without cane, last of all 4 double without cane. 16th round: 2 double without cane, 16 times alternately 4 double over cane, 9 double without cane in 7 stitches, last of all 7 double without cane in 5 stitches. 17th round: 2 slip-stitches, *4 double without cane, 4 double over cane, 8 double without cane in 6 stitches, 2 double over cane, 8 double without cane in 6 stitches, 4 double with cane, repeat 7 times from *, the last 2 double must take in the first 2 slip-stitches. 18th round: *4 double over cane, 4 double without cane, 4 double over cane, 12 double without cane in 10 stitches, 4 double over cane, 4 double without cane, repeat 7 times from *. 19th round: 4 double without cane, 4 double over cane, repeat. Then cut away the cane, bore a hole through the end of it, and sew it firmly to the work. 20th round: 1 double in every stitch. For the open-worked part round the outer edge, the cane must be twisted over meshes to form the pattern shown in the illustration; it is then soaked in water and allowed to dry on the mesh, from which it is afterward pushed off, and it will retain its shape. Then in one piece with the former work crochet the 21st round: 3 double over scallop of cane in the next 3 stitches, 2 without cane. Fasten and cut the thread. The ends of the round must be sewn firmly together. Then thread a circle of cane through the scallops; see illustration. 22d round: 9 double in scallop of outer edge, 2 double in new circle of cane, repeat. Then fasten the ends of the round together, and close with a slip-stitch.

BRACKET FOR BED-ROOM.—This basket of brown, polished cane is intended to be fastened to the wall, and is fitted with a piece of card-board covered with flutings of peacock-blue silk, edged

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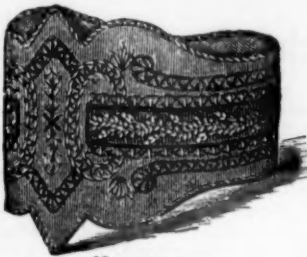
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with straw braid at the top. A square pincushion of peacock silk, edged with blue silk cord. Bows of blue satin ribbon are sewn on each side of the pleats. The front of the basket has a trimming



BRACKET FOR BED-ROOM.

of balls of peacock silk and a diamond-shaped piece of blue satin embroidered in chain-stitch and point russe with different shades of peacock-blue silk.



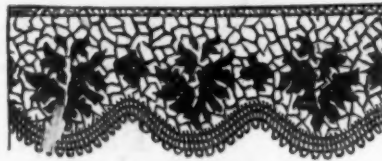
NAPKIN-RING.

NAPKIN-RING.—Of olive green leather, perforated ready for working. In the centre is a narrow braid, woven with colored silks, and threaded through an opening in the ring inside which it is fastened. The embroidery is worked through the holes as follows: The double lines in buttonhole-stitch with olive silk, the spaces being filled up with a paler shade of olive in purse-stitch and point russe. When the embroidery is finished, the ring is lined with strong card-board, and then with green leather.



WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

WASTE-PAPER BASKET. (Point Russe).—Open circular basket of pale écreu-colored perforated card-board, embroidered as shown in the illustration, in point russe, with red crewel wool.



LACE DECORATION.

LACE DECORATION.—The engraving illustrates a trimming to be used upon evening or house dresses, jackets, etc., which consists of black lace sewed on so as to turn up over a band of light silk or satin laid beneath it. Any preferred lace may be used, and the bands can be applied horizontally or perpendicularly to a waist, skirt or house-jacket.

Art at Home.

NOTHING can be more fatal than the notion that a man, in the decoration of his house, has only to know what he likes, and to do with his own as he chooses. Without some guiding principles, the farther he goes the more wide will be his departure from true standards. In the present day, the mere diversity of doctrines and multiplicity of appliances, each with some show of truth and beauty in its favor, become perplexing. The conflict between styles, the rivalry among fashions, old and new, the impatience as to methods handed down from time immemorial, the effort to throw off all bondage to traditional arrangements, and the not unlaudable desire to strike out something original and to assert private

judgment within the dwelling, have in these latter times too often divided the house against itself, and brought upon the domestic arts confusion, not to say anarchy. We shall be glad if the simple suggestions made in the sequel may serve to restore order.

The first thing in the art-treatment of the interior of a house to decide on is a well-considered scheme of decoration. And, of course, must be taken into account all the conditions.

The floor, walls and ceiling must be brought into harmony, else the decorations of a room are incomplete. Each part must be in studied relation of design and color to the rest; the floor must sustain the walls and they in turn must lead up

to and support the ceiling. Yet, while all are brought into unity, it is well when each is kept distinct. Accordingly, fitting divisions and boundary lines are usually provided structurally in the skirting-board, the dado, the frieze and cornice. These several members it is wise to pronounce more or less decisively, such points of demarcation in the decorative arts being comparable to punctuation in written compositions, serving, like commas, dashes or full stops, as pauses and spaces for rest. In the decoration of a room the crowning victory is in the successful coming of the whole together.

And although simplicity is, for ease and economy, to be commended, yet, on the other hand, the greater the complexity and the difficulty challenged and overcome, the more signal will be the triumph gained, and the more subtle the pleasure imparted to the mind. Tyros in any art are timid; experts daring. Elementary forms and negative colors may be safe; but designs highly developed and colors lustrous as light will, in a master hand, secure decorative evolutions and effects comparable to the harmonies evoked by a full orchestra.

One or two general considerations may be added. It is not unworthy of remark that the house of the north necessarily differs from the house of the south. In the south protection is sought from heat, from the tyranny of the sun and the blaze of day, accordingly the classic house and the Italian villa provided open courts, cool corridors and balconies of free outlook, while the walls and floors were clothed with plaster, marbles or mosaics. But in the north the conditions are reversed; comfort and coziness are desired, and thus the northern house secures closed rooms safe from

the assaults of the elements, and provides snug curtains, warm carpets and tight casements. In northern cities, too, a crying need is for more light within the dwelling. "The dark ages" were dark in more senses than one, and dirty into the bargain, and when modernism swept away the cobwebs of mediævalism, light entered as the herald of truth. Architecture, in its onward and upward growth, has been seeking to secure more light. Early structures are shadowy and cavernous; but at length buildings learnt to spring from the earth into the heavens, and courted companionship with the day. And light seeks association with the bright sisterhood of color, and all in concert strive to compensate for the darkness and dulness of our northern clime, in the absence or shyness of the sun.

A like current of thought is suggested by the contrasted conditions of a town house and a country house. A country seat may be fitly designed for the summer and the sun. It is often in close proximity to nature; the windows possibly command a pleasing landscape; the daily life comes in hourly contact with gardens, trees, meadows; and in proportion as it thus shares in the simplicity of nature can the helps and allurements of art be dispensed with.

But the town house is surrounded by opposite conditions. To shut out the external world, the noise of the street and the gaze of the neighbor, is an end to be gained. And to make the home-life within all the more self-sustaining and satisfying, the mind seeks as a substitute for converse with nature, the companionship of literature and art.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

GREATER diversity than ever prevails in fashions. We see wraps plain and elaborate; sleeves tight and loose; and colors bright and subdued. Any lady of taste can easily adapt something to her own style and means.

The latest cloaks are long ones of black brocaded satin or velvet, ample enough to conceal the wearer entirely. They are not generally lined with fur, as this would make such mantles too heavy—they are, however, usually finished with collar and cuffs of fur. One style of pelisse is belted in with fur. Wraps of this style, without linings, will be used for spring.

Long, plain garments are also made up in cloth. These are of the circular shape with separate fronts that button the entire length, or a round circular with short, wide sleeves set in, or else merely a circular, with a seam down the middle of the back. The armure, diagonal, repped or basket cloths are used, and three yards are required for the cloak. A black fur collar, mounted on crinoline, ready to sew on the garment, can be bought, made of the glossy hare so popular now, and this is all the trimming necessary, though some ladies add a border of the fur. Short capes, of beaded cashmere, of black cock's feathers tipped with beads or of the material of the suit, will succeed the fur capes now worn, for the spring.

Of course plain cloth dresses are always fashionable. Many of these are made with a round, kilt skirt, an apron overskirt slightly wrinkled and almost entirely unlooped, and a close-fitting, English walking-jacket, with double-breasted fronts, the only trimming being buttons and rows of machine-stitching. Plain, woolen dresses, of the plum, olive, myrtle-green and old-gold shades, are still worn, often combined with brocaded fabrics introducing the same colors. A prevailing fancy is to have the entire waist of a figure 1 material to be worn with self-colored skirts. This is a good way to utilize half-worn skirts or remodel old dresses. It is always allowable to combine two dresses into one, provided the colors and materials at all harmonize.

Paris dressmakers are now making hunting suits to be worn in the hunting parties now so fashionable in Europe. They are often quite eccentric in their imitation of masculine attire, being provided with regular coats and jackets made of the rough, checked cloth now so much worn by gentlemen.

Veils are now dotted with chenille. Gold thread is seen everywhere, mingled with all flowers, laces and embroideries.

Muffs are made of puffed silk, satin or velvet, trimmed with flowers and lace to match the bonnet.

Spanish lace is to be worn more than ever. It comes in white, cream and pale pink and blue shades.

Notes and Comments.

The Philadelphia Exchange for Women's Art-Work.

THIS is an institution well deserving the sympathy and help of every woman, and it is the only one of the kind in the country. Its object is to assist women all over the land in finding a market for artistic work of all kinds, in the simplest possible manner. That is, there are no committees to see, and no red-tape arrangements of any sort. All a lady has to do is, communicate with the manager, deposit her work, and, when it is sold, receive her money. She need fear no embarrassing questions nor official scrutiny concerning her ability, circumstances, or anything else—her effort is judged simply by its own merits.

Oil paintings, crayon and water-color drawings, pencil-sketches, tiles, plaques, painted china, lace and embroidery—in short, beautiful things of every variety are received. This does not exclude articles falling more under the head of fancy work, as knitting, crocheting, wax flowers, designs in autumn leaves, and the like, which many women, gifted with originality, make in a manner far from ordinary. In short, the Exchange will take almost anything that ladies make and ladies want to buy. Furthermore, in connection with the institution are classes for instruction in all kinds of decorative art-work. Young girls may well appreciate any concern that teaches a beautiful handicraft, and at the same time offers a certain means of sale for any article produced.

Mr. G. W. Holmes, Jr., himself an artist of high reputation, and who has shown himself a true woman's friend, is the sole founder and manager of the enterprise. These are the principles upon which he conducts the business:

No article of merit is excluded. Any lady, of any age, position or locality, may deposit any number of articles of her own work, for the space of three months, without any cost whatever. If her work is sold at the end of three months, she pays in to the Exchange ten per cent. commission; if unsold, she may, if she desires, reclaim her work, still without any cost. If, in the meanwhile, she wishes to take it away or sells it privately, outside of the Exchange, she must pay the ten per cent. No lady may use a fictitious name, but she may withhold her name from the public, and have her article or articles designated by a number.

The prosperity of the Exchange is something almost unexampled. It is not yet six months old, and it was started in three rooms—but so rapidly has it grown, that Mr. Holmes has been compelled to take a whole house for its head-quarters. Sales are so rapid that the Exchange has taken in as high as several hundred dollars within a few days—during the holidays, two hundred dollars a day was the average. Equally wonderful has been the discovery of native talent—one would be surprised to find how many Philadelphia ladies were only waiting for something like this to bring out to light a marvelous amount of taste and energy. It is needless to say that the enterprise has given new life to hundreds of young artists.

We have said Philadelphia ladies—we should have added, ladies everywhere. Mr. Holmes tells of scores of letters received from girls and women in little towns and villages all over the country, who, so far, have been despairingly burying their talents, but who now feel a renewed hope of accomplishing something. He tells, also, of many women who now feel themselves on the road to independence, as they are learning business principles, as well as how to utilize their gifts. Ladies frequently say to him that they never before earned a dollar in their lives—young girls, that they would like to work for themselves, but they "wouldn't want pa to know it." These little things are of interest, as showing the great need there was of an institution like this, and the high degree of success it is achieving.

A visit to the Exchange, 1123 Arch Street, cannot fail to be a pleasure to any one with the faintest glimmering of refinement. Lovely pictures, graceful statues, exquisite embroideries, dainty knick-knacks of every conceivable variety, are scattered around in dazzling profusion, so much so as literally to defy description. The rooms themselves are elegantly fitted up, so as to form an appropriate background for artistic display. The vestibule is solid walnut, the hall is lined on each side with rows of clay statues, the floors are painted, and partially covered with deep-toned carpets and Turkey-rugs, the walls and drapery are of a rich shade of maroon. All the furniture is of the natural oak-wood, made up after Mr. Holmes's own designs.

The Exchange is destined to be a help to women in another way than by selling their work. It sets up a high standard of excellence to which young decorative artists may aspire. If a lady fail to have her work accepted, she can still persevere in her effort, and so learn and improve, achieving greater results in the end than if she had been injudiciously spoiled by false criticism.

To every woman who can do any kind of beautiful work, we would say, put yourself in communication with the Exchange. To every woman, or man either, who can visit it and afford to buy from it, we would say, assist it and deserving women through it, by your sympathy and your purse.

Ayer's American Newspaper Annual.

THIS is widely conceded by advertisers and the press to be the most complete and valuable work of its kind yet issued. In its preparation, the most careful and pains-taking efforts have been made to secure accurate information in regard to newspapers, their circulation and value to advertisers. The classification is admirable. The conscientious faithfulness with which Messrs. Ayer & Son are known to conduct their immense and rapidly-growing business, and the large experience which they possess, are becoming every year more and more recognized by business men. The consequence is, that a very considerable and steadily-increasing proportion of the heavier and more important advertising contracts are now in their hands.

Scene from Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew.

THE spirited picture which is given as a frontispiece to this number, represents the closing incidents in Act III, Scene II of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." After the marriage ceremony, and return from church of the wedding party to the house of the bride's father, where "great store of wedding cheer" had been provided, Petruchio announces his purpose to leave at once and carry off his bride. The remonstrance of Katherine, joined to that of her father and the company, avail nothing. Petruchio is firm. At which the bride protests:

"Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day,
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies the way,
You may be jogging while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

"Pet. O Kate, content thee; prythee be not angry.
"Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do? Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

"Gre. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.
"Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner;
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

"Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Be mad and merry—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is my own."

Then, drawing his sword, Petruchio exclaims,
"Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves,
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million."

This scene is the one represented by the artist in our frontispiece. It is taken from a picture in the Royal Academy exhibition last year, and was originally engraved for the London Graphic.

Kindness to Animals.

IN a paper on the treatment of animals, read before a farmers' club, by Mr. Edmund Hathaway, the writer says: "The effect of the barbarous treatment of inferior creatures on the minds of those who practice it is still more deplorable than its effects upon the animals themselves. The man who kicks dumb brutes kicks brutality into his own heart. He who can see the wistful, imploring eyes of half-starved creatures without making earnest effort to relieve them, and feel no twinge of conscience, is on the road to lose his manhood, if he has not already lost it. And the boy who delights in torturing frogs or insects, or despoiling birds' nests, or dogging cattle and hogs wantonly and cruelly will generally prove a worthless creature, or worse than worthless, when grown up."

And he suggests, in this connection, that as love and charity are the basis of Christianity, it is as much a question for the church to ask when a

person wishes to be admitted into her bosom, "Are you kind to animals?" as it is to ask, "Do you believe in such or such a doctrine?" Referring to this suggestion, a contemporary very pertinently remarks, "Certainly the question would be pertinent to Christian life and consonant with the fundamental and distinguishing principle of the Christian religion; and the mere asking of it at so solemn a juncture could not but do much to assimilate and draw closer the heart and life of the novice to Him who sees every sparrow that falls."

Publishers' Department.

BRILLIANT RESULTS.

There cannot be found, in the journals of any school of medicine, an account of such brilliant cures as have been made, during the past ten years, in a wide range of chronic diseases, by the new Compound Oxygen Treatment. In a single number of our quarterly journal, "HEALTH AND LIFE," will be found a record of cures, some of which would make the reputation of any medical practitioner. Not a day in which our large correspondence with patients does not bring us new reports of cures, or ameliorations of distressing symptoms, or expressions of thankfulness and gratitude for relief from pains which have tortured for years, and for which no treatment had hitherto availed anything. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, in which will be found a large record of brilliant cures, is sent free. Also, our quarterly journal of cases and cures. Address, Drs. Starkey & Palen, Nos. 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CAREER OF A NEW JERSEY ORGAN-BUILDER—Success in business is undoubtedly the result of intelligence, pluck and enterprise. It is said that the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, is the man who first conceived the idea of reducing the prices of pianos and organs. He knew the agents were making entirely too much profit on them, the same as was being done on sewing-machines. He at once began to expose the deception practiced by lending manufacturers, who asked four hundred and fifty dollars for an organ that could be sold for eighty-five dollars, and still leave a fair profit, or one thousand dollars for a piano that two hundred and ninety-seven dollars is sufficient for. Then the war began. He was ridiculed and misrepresented in a shameful manner by the monopolists, whose large profits were in danger. No stone was left unturned to defeat and ruin him. But, by the course of right and justice, Mayor Beatty has succeeded in reducing the prices of pianos and organs, so that he is said to be by far the most successful man that has ever engaged in the music business.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—Of the many Guides and Seed and Plant Catalogues sent out by our Seedsmen and Nurserymen, and that are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are more beautiful, none so instructive as *Vick's Floral Guide*. Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the hundred, while its Colored Plate is a gem. This work, although costing but ten cents, is handsome enough for a Gift-book or a place on the parlor table. Published by JAMES VICK, Rochester, New York.



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Columbia Bicycle.

The permanence of the Bicycle as a practical road-vehicle is an acknowledged fact, and thousands of riders are daily enjoying the delightful and health-giving exercise. The "Columbias" are carefully finished in every particular and are confidently guaranteed as the best value for the money attained in a Bicycle. Send 3-cent stamp for catalogue with price-list and full information.

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Boston, Mass.

50 All Lithographed Gold, Floral and Motto Cards, no two alike, 10c. Agent's Mammoth Outfit, 10c. Globe Card Co., Northford, Ct.

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Beautiful, easy to learn, popular in style.
PIRATES OF PENZANCE, by Sullivan & Gilbert, \$1.
COMIC OPERETTA. Only five characters. By F. C. Walker, \$1.
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SAVE MONEY

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Mailed by **HAUSER & CO., 300 Grand Street, N. Y. City.** Goods sent C.O.D. with privilege of returning.

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Send to us for Our \$1 Packages of Fancy Goods. It will Pay You. 55 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
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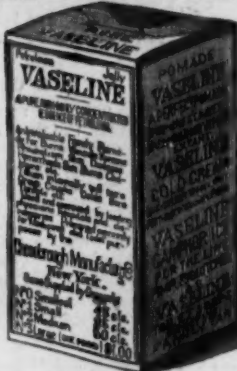
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"THE BEST"

DEALERS {treble sales with

GOLTON'S SELECT FLAVORS.

Pure, Rich Flavoring Extracts of Choicest Fruits. *One-third quantity more than equals ordinary flavors.



UNDER THE FORM OF A JELLY CALLED VASELINE, PETROLEUM IS GIVEN TO MEDICINE AND PHARMACY IN AN ABSOLUTELY PURE, HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, AND UNOBJECTIONABLE SHAPE. ALL ACIDS, ODORS, TASTE, COLOR, AND OTHER IMPURITIES, WHICH HAVE HITHERTO PREVENTED THE USE OF PETROLEUM IN MEDICINE, ARE ENTIRELY ELIMINATED, AND THE VASELINE IS AS HARMLESS AND DELIGHTFUL TO USE AS CREAM.

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POMADE VASELINE.—WILL CURE DANDRUFF AND MAKE THE HAIR GROW WHEN NOTHING ELSE WILL. 25, 50 CENTS AND \$1.00

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Grand Medals at Philadelphia and Paris Expositions. Medal of Progress by American Institute.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

For the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozaena, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Revitalization.

A PHYSICIAN'S REPORT of SIX CASES.

Rev. S. H. Platt, M. D., of Ridgefield, Conn., who has been using Compound Oxygen in his practice, makes us, Dec. 6th, 1880, the following report in six cases:

"CASE 1. Bronchial Irritation, cured with one Home Treatment.

"CASE 2. A child seven years of age, very much prostrated by gastritis. The acute symptoms had subsided, but she did not rally. Cured by the SAME TREATMENT as above—used by her father.

"CASE 3. A boy seven years old. Hooping cough and pneumonia, when three years old, had made him a confirmed invalid, with prospect of early consumption. When the Home Treatment was first used, he had chronic bronchitis, lateral curvature of the spine; one lung almost totally useless; great emaciation and corresponding weakness. One Treatment 'made him a well boy,' as his mother expressed it.

"CASE 4. Boy thirteen years of age; for two years a victim of hallucinations of a very annoying character to himself and the whole family. Could not read, nor enter the garret, nor leave the house, after five o'clock P. M., nor permit his mother to do so. The house must be quiet after that hour; no playing on the piano, singing, nor loud talking. Could not pass certain boundaries on the streets; could not move a muscle in bed, but lay all night precisely as when he first lay down. Two Home Treatments have destroyed nearly all his notions, enabled him to work all day and read a stack of books within a year more than a foot high. The few remaining notions he is overcoming one by one.

"CASE 5. Great nervous derangement from long-continued overwork of the brain, attended with frequent chills and strong tendency to paralysis. One Home Treatment worked a complete change, and caused the patient, although over fifty years of age, to renew his youth.

"CASE 6. A young theological student—never strong, but specially worn by hard work. The first Treatment about half gone, and he writes: 'The Compound Oxygen is working splendidly.' He is recommending it wherever he goes."

"The above," says Dr. Platt, "comprise not quite half the cases in which I have prescribed it. Three I have not heard from; three have not been fairly tested, while one has failed to do any good, and one was working splendidly, but its effects were neutralized by miscarriage.

"In several other cases I have recommended it and it has been procured, but of the results I am not informed."

ANOTHER PHYSICIAN'S REPORT OF CASES.

A physician in Iowa, who is using Compound Oxygen in many of his chronic cases, reports October, 1880, the follow' as some of the results of the new Treatment:

"The case of Mrs. N., previously mentioned, increased in weight from seventy-five to one hundred and ten pounds, her present weight, and gained in

strength in proportion; no cough nor diarrhoea; says she feels perfectly well, except soreness and stiffness of joints. *Appetite and digestion are remarkably good.* Ever since the diarrhoea stopped, there has been symptoms of ascites, but not marked; no medicine used for it—still uses Compound Oxygen.

"Should like to hear from you in regard to her case. "I will mention some other cases treated. Mrs. W.'s case of catarrh of six years' standing, with general debility; could not leave her rooms for a drive, without suffering intensely for several days afterwards. An offensive discharge from the nose into the throat; tenderness in the region of the ovaries and uterus, with leucorrhoea. Entirely relieved by seven weeks' inhalation. Seven months have elapsed and no return of disease.

"Mr. S.—, a young man, lost flesh, ten pounds a month, for three months previous to Treatment. Sunken at apex of lungs; slight cough, and expectoration streaked with blood. Has had three attacks of hemorrhage, and the last one reduced him so that he could not stand on his feet for several days. Dulness over the left lung, and at the apex of right. Pains through the lungs, frequently extending along underside of the arms, and night sweats. Two of the family died of consumption. At the end of first month's inhalation, had gained ten pounds in weight. Night sweats entirely stopped. No hemorrhage nor streaked expectorations; lungs filling out with air, and shoulders pushed back to their natural position. Eighth week, still improving, and has performed light labor all week, the first in four months or more.

"I administered Compound Oxygen to a lady for cataplexy, and entirely relieved her in two weeks. Heard from her three months later, no return of the disease.

"I have eleven cases now under treatment. I will freely give my testimony in favor of Compound Oxygen to any one who will address me. You are at liberty to use a part, or all of my communications, as you may desire, to convince others.

"J. M. K—, M. D."

The address of Dr. K— will be furnished to any one who may wish to write him.

A CASE GIVEN OVER TO DIE.

The following report of a case in which, to all appearances, the patient was beyond the reach of curative agencies, is one among the many surprising results which are continually attending the use of Compound Oxygen:

"The last Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen that I ordered from you," (writes a physician in Vermont), "was for Mrs. —. She was given over to die by her old physician (who has treated her for twenty-two years) and friends. I was called to see her when she could not speak a loud word, or lift her head from the pillow; could take no food except a little beef tea. Her bowels moving once in two or three weeks, flowing badly every two weeks; could not make water without having to use the catheter and fainting away. I sent to you for a Home Treatment of Oxygen and your advice. She has been steadily improving; she is around the house seeing to her household affairs; bowels regular; have not had to draw her water for two months. Her neighbors say that if she gets well there is no use of any one's dying."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

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1109 and 1111 Girard St., (Between Chestnut & Market) Phila., Pa.

Price, \$2.00